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Half a Chance

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PART 2.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Dandy Joe, a good deal damaged in the world's estimation, stepped down; his erstwhile well-curled mustache of brick-dust hue seemed to droop as he slunk out of the box; he appeared subdued, almost frightened,—quite unlike the jaunty little cockney that had stepped so blithely forth to give testimony.

The witnesses all heard John Steele, for the defense, spoke briefly; but his words were well chosen, his sentences of classic purity. As the girl listened, it seemed to her not strange that Captain Forsythe, as well as others, perhaps, should be drawn either on occasions when this man appeared. Straight, direct logic characterized the speech from beginning to end; only once did a suggestion of sentiment—curt pity for that gin-bedotted thing, the prisoner!—obtrude itself; then it passed so quickly his lordship forgot to intervene, and the effect remained, a flash, illuminating, Rembrandt-like!

Time slipped by, the judge looked at his watch, bethought him of a big silver dish filled with an amber-hued specialty of the Ship and Turtle, and adjourned court. His address interrupted by the exigencies of the moment, John Steele began mechanically to gather up his books; his face that had been marked by the set look of one determined to drive on at his best with a task, now wore a preoccupied expression. The prisoner whined a question; Steele did not answer, and some one bustled the man out. Havens brought his volumes together in a little pile. Steele absently separated them again; at the same time Sir Charles and his party walked toward the bench. They were met by his lordship and cordially greeted.

"A privilege, Sir Charles, to meet one we have heard of so often, in the antipodes."

"Thank you. His lordship, Judge Beeson, m'dear, whose decisions—"

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir!" The enthusiastic voice was that of Captain Forsythe, addressing John Steele. "Your cross-examination was masterly; had you been in a certain other case, years ago, when the evidence of that very person on the stand today—in the main—convicted a man of murder, I fancy the result then would have been different!"

John Steele seemed not to hear; his eyes were turned toward the beautiful girl. She was standing quite close to him now; he could detect the fragrance of the violets she wore, a fresh sweet smell so welcome in that close, musty atmosphere.

"My niece, your Lordship, Miss Wray."

Steele saw her bow and heard her speak to that august court personage; then as the latter, after further brief talk, hurried away—

"Sir Charles, let me present to you Mr. Steele," said Captain Forsythe. Lady Wray—"

"Happy to know you, sir," said the governor heartily.

"Miss Jocelyn Wray," added the military man, "who," with a laugh, "experienced some doubts about a visit of this kind being condusive to pleasure!"

John Steele took the small gloved hand she gave him; her eyes were very bright.

"I enjoyed—I don't mean that—I am so glad I came," said the girl. "And heard you!" she added.

He thanked her in a low tone, looking at her hand as he dropped it. "You,—you are making England your home?" His voice was singularly hesitating!

"Yes." She looked at him a little surprised. "At least, for the present! But how—" she broke off. "I suppose, though, you could tell by my accent. I've lived nearly all my life in Australia, and—"

Sir Charles, interrupting, reminded them of an appointment; the party turned. A slender finger inclined itself very slightly toward John Steele; a voice wished him good morning. The man stood with his hands on his hooks; it did not occur to him to accompany her to the door. Suddenly she looked over his shoulder; at the threshold, she, too, had turned her head. An instant their glances met; the next, she was gone.

CHAPTER II

When John Steele left the court toward the end of the day, he held his head as a man who thinks deeply. From the door he directed his steps toward Charing Cross. But only to wheel abruptly, and retrace his way. He was not an absent-minded man, he had been striding unconsciously not toward his customary destination at that hour, the several chambers at once his office and his home. For a moment the strong face of the man relaxed, as if in amusement at his own remissness; gradually however, it once more resumed its expression of musing thoughtfulness. The stream of human beings, in the main, flowed toward him; he breasted the current as he had for many evenings. Only this night he did not look into the faces of these, his neighbors; the great city's concourse of atoms swept meaningly by.

Turning into a narrow way, not far from the embankment, he stopped before the door of a solid-looking brick building, let himself in, and made his way up-stairs. On the third floor he applied another and smaller key to either lock and, from a hall, entered a large apartment, noteworthy for its handsome array of books that reached from floor to ceiling wherever there was shelf space. Most of these volumes were soberly bound in conventional legal garb but others in elegant, more gracious array, congregated, a little cosmopolitan community, in a section by themselves.

Passing through this apartment, John Steele stepped into that adjoining, the sitting and dining-room. The small table had already been set; the day's dying rays that shot through the window revealed snowy linen, bright-gleaming silver and a number of papers and letters. They showed, too, a large cage with a small bird that chirped as the man came in; John Steele looked at it a moment, walked to a mirror and looked at himself. Long the deep eyes studied the firm resolute face; it seemed endeavoring to gaze beyond it; but the present visage, like a shadow, waved before him. The man's expression became inscrutable; stepping to the window, he gazed out on the Thames. A purplish glimmer lent enchantment to the noble stream; it may be as he looked upon it, his thoughts flowed with the river, past dilapidated structures, between whispering reeds on green banks, to the sea!

A discreet rapping at the door, followed by the appearance of a round-faced little man, with a tray, interrupted further contemplation or reverie on John Steele's part. Seating himself at the table, he responded negatively to the servant's inquiry if "anythink" else would be required, and when the man had withdrawn, mechanically turned to his letters and to his simple evening repast. He ate with no great evidence of appetite, soon brushed the missives, half-read, aside, and pushed back his chair.

Lighting a pipe he picked up one of the papers, and for some moments his attention seemed fairly divided between a casual inspection of the light arabesques that ascended in clouds from his lips and the heavy-looking columns of the morning sheet. Suddenly, however, the latter dissipated his further concern in his pipe; he put it down and spread out the big paper in both hands. Amid voluminous wastes of type an item, in the court and society column, had caught his eye:

"Sir Charles and Lady Wray, who are intending henceforth to reside in England, have returned to the stately Wray mansion in Piccadilly, where they will be for the season. Our well-known governor and his lady are accompanied by their niece, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Jocelyn Wray, only chold of Sir Charles' younger brother, the late Honorable Mr. Richard Wray, whose estate included enormous holdings in Australia, as well as several thousand acres in Devonshire. This charming young colonial has already captivated London society."

John Steele read carefully this bit of news, and then re-read it; he even found himself guilty of perusing all the other paragraphs; the comings and goings; the fine doings! They related to a world he had thought little about; a world within the world; just as the people who lived in tunnels and dark passages constituted another world within the world. Her name danced in illustrious company; here were dukes and earls and viscounts; a sprinkling of the foreign element: begums, emirs, the nation's guests. He saw, also, "Sir Charles, Lady Wray and Miss Wray" among the long list of box-holders for that night at the opera, a gala occasion, commanded by royalty for the entertainment of royalty, and, incidentally, of certain barbarian personages who had come across the seas to be diplomatically coddled and fed.

Folding his newspaper, John Steele turned to his legal papers; strove to replace idleness by industry; but the spirit of work failed to respond. He looked at his watch, rang sharply a bell.

"Put out my clothes," he said to the servant who appeared with a lamp, "and have a cab at the door."

The opera had already begun, but pandemonium still reigned about the box office, and it was half an hour before John Steele succeeded in reaching the little aperture, with a request for anything that chanced to be left downstairs. Armed with a bit of pasteboard, Steele was stopped as he was about to enter. A thunder of applause from within, indicating that the first act had come to an end, was followed by the usual egress of black and white figures, impatient for cigarettes and light lobby gossip.

"Divine, eh? The opera, I mean!" A voice accosted John Steele, and, turning, he beheld Captain Forsythe. "This is somewhat different from the morning's environment?"

"Yes," said the otner. "But your first question," with a smile, "I'm afraid I can't answer. I've just come; and, if I hadn't—well, I'm no judge of music."

"Then you must look as if you were!" laughed the captain frankly. "Don't know one joly note from another, but, for goodness' sake, don't betray me. Just been discussing trills and pizzicatos with Lady Wray."

For a few moments they continued their talk; chance had made them known to each other some time before, and Captain Forsythe had improved every opportunity to become better acquainted with one for whom he entertained a frank admiration. Steele's reserve, however, was not easily penetrated; he accepted and repaid the other's advances with uniform courtesy, but Forsythe could not flatter himself the acquaintance had progressed greatly since their first meeting.

A bell sounded; John Steele, excusing himself, entered the auditorium and was shown to his seat. It proved excellently located, and, looking around, he found himself afforded a spectacle brilliant and dazzling. Boxes shone with brave hues; gems gleamed over-plentifully; here and there, accentuating the picture, the gorgeous colors of some eastern prince stood out like the brighter bits in a kaleidoscope. Steele's glance swept over royalty, rank and condition. It took in persons who were more than persons—personages; it passed over the impassive face of a dark ameer who looked as if he might have stepped from one of the pages of The Arabian Nights, and lingered on a box a little farther to one side. Here were seated Sir Charles and his wife and party; and among them he could discern the features of Jocelyn Wray—not plainly, she was so far away! Only her golden hair appeared distinct amid many tints.

Th curtain went up at last; the music began; melodies that seemed born in the springtime succeeded one another. Perennial in freshness, theme followed theme; what joy, what gladness; what merriment, what madness! John Steele, in the main, kept his attention directed toward the stage; once or twice he glanced quickly aside and upward; now in the dimness, however, the people in the boxes conveyed only a vague shadowy impression. How long was the act; how short? It came to a sudden end; after applause and bravos, men again got up and walked out; he, too, left his seat and strolled toward the back.

"Mr. Steele! One moment!" He found himself once more addressed by the good-humored Captain Forsythe. "Behold in me a Mercury, committed to an imperative mission. You are commanded to appear—not in the royal box—but in Sir Charles'."

"Sir Charles Wray's?" John Steele regarded the speaker quickly.

"Yes," laughed the other. "You see, I happened to mention I had seen you. 'Why didn't you bring him with you to the box?' queried Sir Charles. He, by the way, went in for law himself, before he became governor. 'Only had time to shake hands this morning.' 'Yes,' why didn't you?' spoke up Miss Jocelyn. 'You command me to bring him?' I inquired. 'By all means!' she laughed, 'I command,' so here I am."

John Steele did not answer, but Captain Forsythe, without waiting for a reply, turned and started up the broad stairway. The other, after a moment's hesitation, followed, duly entered one of the larger boxes, spoke to Sir Charles and his wife and returned the bow of their niece. Amid varied platitudes Steele's glance turned oftenest to the girl. She was dressed in white; a snowy boa drooped from the slender bare shoulders as if it might any moment slip off; a string of pearls, each one with a pearl of pure light in the center, clasped her throat. In her eyes the brightness seemed to sing of dancing cadenzas; her lips, slightly parted, wore the faint suggestion of a smile, as if some canticle or clear cadence had just trembled from them. The small shoe that peeped from beneath silken folds tapped softly to rhythms yet lingering; on her cheeks two small roses unfolded their glad petals.

"I trust Captain Forsythe did not repeat that absurd remark of mine?" she observed lightly, when John Steele, after a few moments' general talk, found himself somehow by her side.

"About 'commanding'?"

"So he did?" she answered gaily. "He told me he was going to. It is like him; he poses as a bel esprit. Stupid, was it not?"

He answered a word in the negative; the girl smiled; where other men would press the opportunity for a compliment, he apparently found no opening.

She waved her hand to the seat next to her, and he sat down—"Isn't it splendid!" irrelevantly.

"The spectacle or the opera?" he asked slowly, looking into blue eyes.

"It was the opera I meant. I suppose the spectacle is very grand; but," enthusiastically, "it was the music I was thinking of—how it grips one! Tell me what you think of The Barber, Mr. Steele."

"I'm afraid my views wouldn't be very interesting," he answered. "I know nothing whatever about music."

"Nothing?" Her eyes widened a little; in her accent was mild wonder.

He looked down at the shimmering white folds near his feet. "In earlier days my environment was not exactly a musical one."

"No? I suppose you were engaged in more practical concerns?"

He did not answer her directly. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me something about Rossini's music, Miss Wray?"

"I tell you?" Her light, silvery laugh rang out. "And Captain Forsythe had only been telling me—all of us—that you were one of the best informed men he had ever met."

"You see how wrong he was!"

"Quite!" The blue eyes regarded him sidewise. He, the keen, strong man, so assured, so invincible in the court room, sat most humbly by her side, confessing his ignorance, want of knowledge about something every school girl is mistress of! "Or, perhaps, it is because your world is so different from mine! Music, laughter, the traditions of Italian bel canto, you have no room for them, they are too light, too trifling. You are above them," poising her fair head a little higher.

"Perhaps they have been above me," he answered, his tone unconsciously taking an accent of gaiety from the lightness of hers.

The abrupt appearance of the musicians and the dissonances attendant on tuning, interrupted her response; Steele rose and was about to take his departure, when Sir Charles intervened.

"Why don't you stay?" he asked, with true colonial heartiness. "Plenty of room! Unless you've a better place! Two vacant chairs!"

John Steele looked around. He saw three vacant chairs and took one, a little aside and slightly behind the young girl, while the governor's wife, who had moved from the front at the conclusion of the previous act, now returned to her place, next her niece. During this act someone came in and took a seat in the background; if Steele heard, he did not look around. His gaze remained fastened on the stage; between him and it—or them, art's gaily attired illusions!—a tress of golden hair sometimes intervened, but he did not move. Through threads like woven flashes of light he regarded the scene of the poet's fantasy. Did they make her a part of it—did they seem to the man the fantasy's intangible medium, its imagery? Threads of gold, threads of melody! He saw the former, heard the latter. They rose and fell wilfully, capriciously, with many an airy and fanciful turn. The man leaned his head on his hand; a clear strain died like a filament of purest metal gently broken. She breathed a little quicker; leaned a little further forward; now her slender figure obtruded slightly between him and the performers. He seemed content with a partial view of the stage, and so remained until the curtain went down. The girl turned. In her eyes was a question.

"Beautiful!" said the man, looking at her.

"Charming! What colorature! And the bravura!" Captain Forsythe applauded vigorously.

"You've never met Lord Ronsdale, I believe, Mr. Steele?" Sir Charles' voice, close to his ear, inquired.

"Lord Ronsdale!" John Steele look perfunctorily around toward the back of the box and saw there a face faintly illumined in the light from the stage; a cynical face, white, mask-like. Had his own features not been set from the partial glow that sifted upward, the sudden emotion that swept Steele's countenance would have been observed. A sound escaped his lips; was drowned, however, in a renewed outbreak of applause. The diva came tripping out once more, the others, too, bowing, smiling—recipients of flowers. John Steele's hand had gripped at his knee tightly; he was no longer aware of the stage, the people, even Jocelyn Wray. The girl's attention had again centered on the actors; she with the others had been obvious to the glint of his eyes, the hard, set, expression of his features.

"Old friend, don't you know," went on the voice of Sir Charles when this second tumult of applause had subsided. "Had one rare adventure together. One of the kind that cements a man to you."

As he spoke, the light in the theatre flared up; John Steele, no longer hesitating, uncertain, rose; his face had regained its composure; he regarded the slender, aristocratic figure of the nobleman in the background; faultlessly dressed, Lord Ronsdale carried himself with his habitual languid air of assurance. The two bowed; the stony glance of the lord met the impressive one of the man. Then a puzzled look came into the nobleman's eyes; he glanced at Steele more closely; his glance cleared.

"Thought for an instant I'd seen you somewhere before, b'Jove!" he drawled in his metallic tone. "But of course I haven't. Never forget a face, don't you know."

"I may not say so much, may not have the diplomat's gift of always remembering people to the extent your lordship possesses it, but I am equally certain that I have never before enjoyed the honor of being presented to your lordship!" said John Steele. The words were punctiliously spoken, his accents as cold as the other's. An infinitesimal trace of constraint seemed to have crept into the box; Steele turned, and holding out his hand, thanked Sir Charles and his wife for their courtesy.

Jocelyn Wray gazed around. "You are leaving before the last act?" She said with an accent of surprise.

He looked down at her. "Not through preference!"

"Ah!" she laughed. "Business before—music, of course!"

"Our day at home, Mr. Steele, is Thursday," put in the governor's lady, majestically gracious.

"And you'll meet a lot of learned people only too glad to talk about music," added the young girl in a light tone. "That is, if you were sincere in your request for knowledge, and care to profit by the oportunity?"

His face, which had been contained, impassive, now betrayed in the slightest degree an expression of irresolution. Her quick look caught it; became more whimsical; he seemed actually, for an instant, asking himself if he should come. She laughed ever so slightly; the experience was novel; who before had ever weighed the pros and cons when extended this privilege? Then, the next moment, the blue eyes lost some of their mirth; perhaps his manner made her feel the frank informality she had unconsciously been guilty of; she regarded him more coldly.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very good. I shall be most glad."

And bowing to her and the others he once more turned; as he passed Lord Ronsdale, the eyes of the two men again met; those of the nobleman suddenly dilated and started.

"B'Jove!" he exclaimed, his gaze following the retreating figure.

"What is it?" Sir Charles looked around. "Recall where you thought you saw him?"

Lord Ronsdale did not answer at once and Sir Charles repeated his question; the nobleman mechanically raised his hand to his face. "Yes; a mere fugitive resemblance," he answered rather hurriedly. "Some one—you—you—never met. Altogether quite a different sort of person, don't you know!" regaining his drawl.

"Well," observed Sir Charles, "fugitive resemblances will happen!"

CHAPTER III.

John Steele was rather late in arriving at the house of Sir Charles Wray in Piccadilly the following Thursday. But nearly every one else was late, and, perhaps knowing the fashionable foible, he had purposely held back to avoid making himself conspicuous by being prompt. The house, his destination, was not unlike other dwellings on that historic thoroughfare; externally it was as monotonous as the average London mansion. The architect had disdained any attempt at ornamentation. As if fearful of being accused of emulating his brother-in-art across the channel, he had put up four walls and laid on a roof; he had given the front wall a slightly outward curve. In so doing, he did not reason why; he was merely following precedent that had created this incomprehensible convexity.

But within, the mansion made a dignified and at the same time a pleasant impression. John Steele, seated at the rear of a spacious room, where he a few moments later found himself among a numerous company, looking around on the odd solid furnishings, the heavy, rich curtains and those other substantial appurtenances to a fine and stately town house. That funereal atmosphere common to many homes of an ancient period was, however, lacking. The observer felt as if some recent hand, the hand of youth, had been busy hereabouts indulging in light touches that relieved and gladdened the big room. Hues, soft and delicate, met the eye here and there; rugs of fine pattern favored the glance, while tapestries of French workmanship bade it wander amid scenes suggestive of Arcadia. Many found these innovations to their liking, others frowned upon them; but everybody flocked to the house.

The program on the present occasion included a poet and a woman novelist. The former, a Preraphaelite, led his hearers through dim mazes, Hyrcanian wilds. The novelist, on the other hand, was direct; in following her there seemed no danger of losing the way. At the conclusion of the program proper, an admirer of the poet asked if their young hostess would not play a certain musical something, the theme of one of the bard's effusions, and at once Jocelyn Wray complied. Lord Ronsdale stood sedulously near, turning the leaves; Steele watched the deft hand; it was slim, aristocratic and suggested possibilities in legerdemain.

"An attractive-looking pair!" whispered a woman near John Steele to another of her sex, during a louder passage in the number. "Are they—"

"I don't know; my dear. Perhaps. She's extremely well-off in this world's goods, and he has large properties, but—a diminishing income." She lowered her voice rather abruptly as the cadance came to a pause. The music went on again to its appointed and spirited climax.

"Was formerly in the diplomatic service, I believe;"—the voice also went on—"has strong political aspirations, and, with a wealthy and clever wife—"

"A girl might do worse. He is both cold and capable—an ideal combination for a political career—might become prime minister—with the prestige of his family and hers to—"

John Steele stirred; the whispering ceased. My lord turned the last page; the girl rose and bent for an instant her fair head. And as Steele looked at her, again there came over him—this time, it may be, not without a certain bitterness!—an impression of life and its joys—spring-tide and sunshine, bright, remote!—so remote—for him—

A babel of voices replaced melody; the people got up. A number lingered; many went, after speaking to their hostess and Sir Charles. John Steele, at the rear, looked at the door leading into the main hall toward the young girl, then stepped across the soft rugs and spoke to her. She answered in the customary manner and others approached. He was about to draw back to leave, when—

"Oh, Mr. Steele," she said, "my uncle wishes to see you before you go. He was saying he had some—"

"Quite right, my dear!" And Sir Charles, who had approached, took John Steele's arm. "Some curious old law books I picked up today at a bargain and want your opinion of!" he went on, leading the other into a lofty and restful apartment adjoining, the library. Steele looked around him; his gaze brightened as it rested on the imposing and finely bound volumes.

"You have a superb collection of books," he observed with a sudden, quick look at his host.

"Yes; I rather pride myself on my library," said Sir Charles complacently. "Lost a good many of the choicest, though," he went on in regretful tones, "some years ago, as I was returning to Australia. A rare lot of law books, a library in themselves, as well as a large collection of the classics, the world's poets and historians, went down with the ill-fated Lord Nelson."

"Ah?" John Steele looked away. "A great mart, London, for fine editions!" he said absently, after a pause.

"It is. But here are those I spoke of." And Sir Charles indicated a number of volumes on a large center table. John Steele handled them thoughtfully and for some time his host ran on about them. A choice copy of one of the Elizabethan poets, intruding itself in that august company, then attracted Steele's attention; he picked it up, weighed and caressed it with gentle fingers.

"Who shall measure the influence of—a little parcel like this?" he said at length lightly.

"True." Sir Charles' eye caught the title. "As Portia says: 'It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' Excellent bit of binding that, too! But," with a new zest, "take any interest in rare books of the ring, full of eighteenth century colored prints, and so on?"

"I can't say, at present, that the doings of the ring or the history of pugilists attract me."

"That's because you've never seen an honest, hard-fought battle, perhaps?"

"A flattering designation, I should say, of the spectacle of two brutes disfiguring their already repulsive visages!"

"Two brutes?—disfiguring?"—the drawling voice of Lord Ronsdale, who had at that moment stepped in, inquired. "May I ask what the—talk is about?"

Sir Charles turned. "Steele was differing from me about a good, old, honest English sport."

"Sport?" Lord Ronsdale dropped into a chair and helped himself to whisky and soda conveniently near.

"I refer to the ring—its traditions—its chronicles——"

"Ah!" The speaker raised his glass and looked at John Steele. The latter was nonchalantly regarding the pages of a book he yet held; his face was half-turned from the nobleman. The clear-cut, bold profile, the easy, assured carriage, so suggestive of strength, seemed to attract, to compel Lord Ronsdale's atention.

"For my part," went on Sir Charles in a somewhat disappointed tone, "I am one who views with regret the decadence of a great national pastime."

He regarded Ronsdale; the latter set down his glass untasted. "My own opinion," he said crisply; then his face changed; he looked toward the door.

"Well, it's over!" the light tones of Jocelyn Wray interrupted; the girl stood on the threshold, glancing gaily from one to the other. "Did you tell my uncle, Mr. Steele, what you thought of his purchase? I see, while on his favorite subject, he has forgotten to offer you a cigar."

Sir Charles hastened to repair his remissness.

"But how," she went on, "did it go? The program, I mean. Have you forgiven me yet for asking you to come, Mr. Steele?"

"Forgiven?" he repeated. Lord Ronsdale's eyes narrowed on them.

"Confess," she continued, sinking to the arm of a great chair, "you had your misgivings."

He regarded the supple, slender figure, so airily poised. As she bent forward, he noticed in her hair several flowers shaped like primroses, but light crimson in hue. "What misgivings was it possible to have?" he replied.

"Oh," she replied, "the usual masculine ones! Misgivings, for example, about stepping out of the routine. Routine that makes slaves of men!" with an accent slightly mocking. "And stepping into what? Society! The bugbear of so many men! Poor Society! What flings it has to endure! By the way, did your convict get off?"

"Get off?" What——"

"The one you represented—is that the word?—when we were in court."

"Yes; he was acquitted."

"I am glad; somehow you made me feel he was innocent."

"I believed in him," said John Steele.

"And yet the evidence was very strong against him! If some one else had appeared for him— Do you think many innocent people have been—hanged, or sent out of the country, Mr. Steele?" Her eyes looked brighter, her face more earnest now.

"Evidence can play odd caprices."

"Still, your average English juryman is to be depended on!" put in Lord Ronsdale quickly.

"Do you think so?" An instant Steele's eyes rested on the speaker. "No doubt you are right." A sardonic flash seemed to play on the nobleman. "At all events you voice the accepted belief."

"I'm glad you defend, don't prosecute people, Mr. Steele," said the girl irrelevantly.

"A pleasanter task, perhaps!"

"Speaking of sending prisoners out of the country," broke in Sir Charles, "I am not in favor of the penal system myself."

"Don't they sometimes escape and come back to England?" asked the girl.

"Not apt to, when death for returning stares them in the face," remarked the nobleman.

"Death!" The girl shivered slightly. John Steele smiled. "The penalty should certainly prove efficacious," he observed lightly.

"Is not such a penalty—for returning, I mean—very severe, Mr. Steele?" asked Jocelyn Wray.

"That," he laughed, "depends somewhat on the point of view, the criminal's, or society's!" His gaze returned to her; the bright bit of color in her hair again seemed to catch and hold his glance. "But," with a sudden change of tone, "will you explain something to me, Miss Wray? Those flowers you wear—surely they are primroses, and yet——"

"Crimson," said the girl. "You find that strange. It is very simple. If you will come with me a moment." She rose, quickly crossed the room to a door at the back, and Steele, following, found himself in a large conservatory that looked out upon an agreeable, if rather restricted, prospect of green garden. Several of the windows of the glass addition were open and the warm sunshine and air entered. A butterfly was fluttering within; in a corner, a bee busied himself buzzing loudly between flowers and sips of saccharine sweetness. Jocelyn Wray stepped in its direction, stooped. The sunlight touched the white neck, where spirals of gold nestled, and fell over her gown in soft, shifting waves.

"You see?" She threw over her shoulder a glance at him; he looked down at primroses, pale yellow; a few nearby were half-red, or spotted with crimson; others, still, were the color of those that nodded in her hair. "You can imagine how it has come about?"

(To Be Continued.)

PENSIONS OF THE PRESIDENTS' WIDOWS

THE late Grover Cleveland in a magazine article published shortly before he died commented upon the manner in which this republic left to their fate men who had served in the highest elective office. Other ex-Presidents probably have felt just as Mr. Cleveland felt, but few have ever publicly expressed their feelings.

If the republic has been ungrateful to its ex-Presidents, it has been more considerate to their widows. In fact there has never been a widow of a President, so far as the records show, who has not been remembered by congress when such remembrance was necessary.

In some instances the widows of former chief executives have received the mail franking privilege, which really meant little, but in other cases large pecuniary contributions have been made through congress, and in several cases a pension of $5,000 a year has been granted. Only a short time ago the senate committee on pensions reported favorable a bill granting pensions of $5,000 a year to Frances Folsom Cleveland, the widow of Grover Cleveland, and Mary Lord Harrison, widow of Benjamin Harrison. To both congress granted in 1909 the franking privilege.

Only a few of the men who have become President of the United States left the White House with comfortable fortunes and the majority have had comparatively little with which to face the world, bring up their children and maintain the dignity which attaches to a man who has been at the head of the nation. Even in these days, when a President receives $75,000 a year, with $25,000 each 12 months for traveling expenses, no one who is familiar with the requirements of social life at the capital and realizes the drain upon the purse of the President would expect him to retire with a large surplus saved from his four or eight years' salary.

The custom of taking care of the widows of Presidents began with the foundation of the republic. Martha Washington didn't need the assistance of congress when her husband died, but nevertheless it voted her the franking privilege, which she probably exercised infrequently, for the death of her husband so broke her health that she lived only a few years.

Dolly Payne Madison, the most famous of all the women who have ruled over the White House and whose reputation as a wit extended to even the courts of Europe, was probably honored more than any of the others. Not only did congress give her the right to send her letters through the mails free of charge, but it purchased from her records of debates of congress from 1782 to 1787, written by her husband. President Jackson thought that these papers were so important and was so impressed with the need of coming to the aid of Dolly Madison in this way that he sent a special message to congress on the subject in a day when special messages were not so common as they have been in subsequent administrations.

Dolly Madison was not left in poverty by her husband, but she was one of the most famous entertainers Washington ever knew and maintained the levees for which she became famous long after she went out of the White House and for years after President Madison died. It was these entertainments that drove her to sell the manuscript of the congress debates.

Still another mark of the approval of congress came to this remarkable woman when the senate bestowed upon her the privilege of the floor. No other women has possessed that, either before or since. The senate is a much more formal place than the house, and the privilege of the floor was indeed an unusual distinction.

Next to Dolly Madison in popularity, perhaps, came Sarah Childress Polk. President Polk was not a wealthy man, nor was he poor. When he died friends of his widow took care to see that his estate was carefully guarded for her.

She had not been a notable figure in the White House but had held the high regard of all who met her. She retired to her husband's home, Polk Place, near Nashville, Tenn., and lived there until her death.

Unfortunately bonds of the state of Tennessee, in which she had invested much of her husband's estate were declared valueless by the commonwealth and for a time it looked as if she would have to suffer the loss. Of all the investors in these bonds, however, so history says, Mrs. Polk was one who didn't lose a cent, even the interest being paid by the commonwealth. Mrs. Polk afterward received a pension of $5,000 a year from congress.

Of all the widows of the White House Mrs. Garfield seems to have been best provided for. When President Garfield was shot in the old union station here in September, 1881, he carried life insurance worth $50,000 and possessed an estate worth about $30,000. Shortly after Gen. Garfield died a subscription started by Cyrus W. Field for the widow brought in $312,000, and in addition congres decreed that she should receive $50,000, the salary of a President, for a year, less any amount that had been paid in that year. This left $40,000 salary. In all Mrs. Garfield received something over $400,000. Congress in addition gave her a pension of $5,000 a year.

The most pitiable case revealed in the records is that of the widow of Abraham Lincoln. After the assassination of President Lincoln in Ford's theatre in this city his widow broke down in health and in an effort to regain it went to Germany. Although congress had granted her that portion of the $25,000 of yearly salary due her husband at the time of his death, she was soon in uncomfortable circumstances. To the speaker of the house she wrote this letter:

"Sir—I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable house of representatives an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of the United States whose life was sacrificed in his country's cause. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health, and by the advice of my physician I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters and during the winter to go to Italy. But my financial means will not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me. Nor can I live in a style becoming a widow of the chief magistrate of a nation, although I live as economically as I possibly can. In consideration of the great services my greatly beloved husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say, I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition, hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me so that I may have less pecuniary care. I remain, most respectfully, MRS. A. LINCOLN."

Mrs. Lincoln received a pension of $3,000 a year and later when Mrs. Garfield got a pension of $5,000 Mrs. Lincoln's allowance was increased to that amount and she received besides $15,000 in cash. She, too, had the right to use the mails free of charge.

In addition to those mentioned the widow of John Quincy Adams had the franking privilege; Mrs. William Henry Harrison got all of the $25,000 yearly salary which had been paid to her husband; Margaret Taylor, widow of Zachary Taylor, also enjoyed the franking privilege; Julia Gardner Tyler received a pension of $5,000 a year. To Julia Dent Grant, widow of General Grant, congress gave the franking privilege and a $5,000 pension, and to Ida F. McKinley, widow of President McKinley, it gave also $5,000 a year.

NATIVE HUMOR AMONG HORSETHIEVES

A STOCKMAN in central Kentucky owned two horses which he deemed his most choice possessions. One morning one of them was missing. He advertised, offering a reward for the return of the horse, also for the apprehension of the thief.

In a few days he received a letter from the southeastern part of the state, saying that a man in that region had just purchased from a peddler a horse answering to the description. As the place was remote from a railroad, the owner mounted the other horse and went in quest of the missing animal.

In three or four days he reached his destination, found his correspondent, and went with him to a house near by, where he found his lost steed. Proving ownership, he paid to his informant the amount of the stated reward.

The latter handed it over to the neighbor, saying the latter had purchased in good faith and was still out a considerable price. The owner was so impressed with this act of kindness that he immediately added to the reward an amount sufficient to reimburse the disconsolate purchaser.

The two then went back to the home of the guide. As it was late when they returned, the mountaineer hospitably urged the traveler to remain over night with him and resume his journey next morning.

The invitation was cheerfuly accepted. In the course of the evening various neighbors came in, he stockman was introduced, his mission related, and his generosity in securing an innocent purchaser against loss was duly, even extravagantly, extolled. The visitors seemed greatly pleased with the evidence of his good feeling, and exerted themselves to entertain him.

Stories of hunting and adventure, music by several good fiddlers, (they do not have "violinists" in the mountain dew caused the evening to pass quickly and pleasantly, and the party did not break up until after midnight. The stranger had never suspected that these people were so intelligent and friendly, and went to bed resolved to renew his acquaintance with them at some future day.

As a result of his fatigue, aided to some extent by the festivities and the late hour of retiring, he overslept next morning, and the sun was well above the treetops when he awoke. But there were no sings of breakfast or even of fire; and he soon discovered that he was the only person about the premises.

Finally he caught sight of a little girl dodging around out in the bushes. Her he accosted. In response to his inquiries she informed him that "Pap, he's done gone off over the mountain, an' mam, she's done gone off down the holler, an' the hain't nobody at home on'y but just me."

"Can't I get my breakfast?"

"Theh hain't nuthin' cooked."

"Can't you cook something?"

"Theh hain't nuthin' ter cook."

"How long have they been gone?"

"Dunno."

"Did they feed my horses?"

"Dunno."

"Did they all go away without any breakfast?"

"Dunno."

"Well, this is a singular way of doing things. I'll get my horses and go on."

But he "went on" in a different way from that in which he expected to "go on." When he reached the stable he found that horses, saddle and bridle all were gone, and he never saw or heard of them again.

His hosts had been more successful than they had anticipated in their scheme, which was to collect the reward, steal the horse again, and run it over into Virginia. When he came along with the other horse they grasped the opportunity to come out just that much ahead. All the time he was being so cleverly entertained his stock was being hot-footed over the mountains.

As he "took his foot in his hand" and started in the direction of the railway, some 40 or 50 miles distant, he saw the red dress of the little girl streaking like a meteor down the mountain side. She knew just where to join the others, who were no doubt watching him through the bushes and hilariously enjoying the joke.

The Goose Girl

by Harold MacGrath

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CHAPTER XV.

The Wrong Man.

Herbeck dropped his quill, and there was a dream in his eyes. His desk was littered with papers, well covered with ink; flowing sentences and innumerable figures. He was the watch dog of the duchy. Never a bill from the Reichstag that did not pass under his cold eye before it went to the duke for his signature, his approval or veto. Not a copper was needlessly wasted, and never was one held back unnecessarily. Herbeck was just both in great and little things. The commoners could neither fool nor browbeat him.

The dream in his eyes grew; it was tender and kindly. The bar of sunlight lengthened across his desk, and finally passed on. Still he sat there, motionless, rapt. And thus the duke found him. But there was no dream in his eyes; they were cold with implacable anger. He held a letter in his hand and tossed it to Herbeck.

"I shall throw ten thousand men across the frontier tonight, let the consequences be what they may."

"Ten thousand men?" The dream was shattered. War again?

"Read that. It is the second anonymous communication I have received within a week. As the first was truthful, there is no reason to believe this one to be false."

Herbeck read, and he was genuinely startled.

"What do you say to that?" triumphantly.

"This," with that rapid decision which made him the really great tactician he was. "Let them go quietly back to Jugendheit."

"No!" blazed the duke.

"Are we rich enough for war?"

"Always questions, questions! What the devil is my army for if not to uphold my dignity? Herbeck, you shall not argue me out of this."

"Rather let me reason. This is some prank, which I am sure does not concern Ehrenstein in the least. They would never dare enter Dreiberg for aught else. There must be a flaw in our secret service."

"Doubtless."

"I have seen this writing before," said Herbeck. "I shall make it my business to inquire who it is that takes this kindly interest in the affairs of state."

The duke struck the bell violently. "Summon the chief of the police," he said to the secretary.

"Yes, yes, your Highness, let it be a police affair. This letter does not state the why and wherefore of their presence here."

"It holds enough for me."

"Will your highness leave the matter in my hands?"

"Herbeck, in some things you are weak."

"And in others I am strong," smiled the chancellor. "I am weak when there is talk of war; I am strong when peace is in the balance."

"Is it possible, Herbeck, that you do not appreciate the magnitude of the situation?"

"It is precisely because I do that I wish to move slowly. Wait. Let the police find out why they are here. There will be time enough then to declare war. They have never seen her highness. Who knows?"

"Ah! But they have violated the treaty."

"That depends upon whether their presence here is or is not a menace to the state. If they are here on private concerns which in no wise touch Ehrenstein, it would be foolhardy to declare war. Your highness is always letting your personal wounds blur your eyesight. Some day you will find that Jugendheit is innocent."

"God hasten the day and hour!"

"Yes, let us hope that the mystery of it all will be cleared up. You are just and patient in everything but this." Herbeck idled with his quill. The little finger of his right hand was badly scarred, the mutilation of a fencing-bout in his student days.

"What do you advise," wearily. It seemed to the duke that Herbeck of late ever agreed with him.

"My advice is to wait. In a day or so arrest them under the pretext that you believe them to be spies. If they remain mute, then the case is serious, and you will have them on the hip. If, on the other hand, this invasion is harmless and they declare themselves, the matter can be adjusted in this wise: ignore their declaration and confine them a day or two in the city prison, then publish the news broadcast. Having themselves broken the letter if not

Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that 98 per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce or his able staff, have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

Every sick woman may consult us by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or advertising whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

have arrested these persons. Begin with the mountaineer and the vintner; the others do not matter so much." Then Herbeck laughed. The chief raised his head. He had not heard his excellency laugh like that in many moons. "Report to me your progress. Unfortunately my informant does not state just where these fellows are to be found."

"That is my business, your excellency."

"Good luck to you!" responded Herbeck, with a gesture of dismissal.

When her highness came in from her morning's ride she found the duke waiting in her apartments.

"Why, father," kissing him, "what brings you here?"

"A little idea I have in mind." He drew her down to the arm of the chair. "We all have our little day-dreams."

"Who does not, father?" She slid her arm round his neck. She was full of affection for this kindly parent.

"But there are those of us who must not accept day dreams as realities; for then there will be heartaches and futile lodgings."

"You are warning me. About what, father?" There was a little stab in her heart.

"Herr Carmichael is a fine fellow, brave, witty, shrewd. If all Americans are like him, America will soon become a force in the world. I have taken a fancy to him; and you know what they say of your father—no formality with those whom he likes. Humanly, I am right; but in the virtue of everyday events in court life, I am wrong."

She moved uneasily.

He went on: "Herbeck has spoken of it, the older women speak of it; and they all say—"

"Say!" she cried hotly, leaping to her feet. "What do I care what they say? Are you not the grand duke, and am I not your daughter?"

In his turn the duke felt the stab.

"You must ride no more with Herr Carmichael. It is neither wise nor safe."

"Father!"

He was up, with his arms folding round her. "Child, it is only for your sake. Listen to me. I married your mother because I loved her and she loved me. The case is isolated, rare, out of the beaten path in the affairs of rulers. But you, you must be a princess. You must steel your heart against the invasion of love, unless it comes from a state equal or superior to your own. It is harsh and cruel, but it is a law that will neither bend nor break. Do you understand me?"

The girl stared blindly at the wall. "Yes, father."

"It is all my fault," said the duke, deeply agitated, for the girl trembled under his touch.

"I shall not ride with him any more."

"There's a good girl," patting her shoulder.

"I have been a princess such a little while."

He kissed the wheaten-colored hair. "Be a brave heart, and I shall engage to find a king for you."

"I don't want any playthings, father," with the old light touch; and then she looked him full in the eyes. "I promise to do nothing more to create comment if, on the other hand, you will promise to give me two years more of freedom."

The duke readily assented, and shortly returned to his own suite, rather pleased that there had been no scene; not that he had expected any.

Now that she was alone, she slipped into the chair, beat a light tattoo with her riding-whip against her teeth, and looked fixedly at the wall again, as if to gaze beyond it, into the dim future. But she saw nothing save that she was young and that the days in Dresden, for all their penury, were far pleasanter than these.

Meantime the chief of police called his subaltern and placed in his hands the peculiar descriptions. The word vintner caused him to give vent to an ejaculation of surprise.

"He was in here last night. I have had him followed all day. He lives over the American consulate. Among his things was found the uniform of a colonel in the Prussian Uhlans."

"Ha! Arrest him tomorrow, or the day after at the latest. But the mountaineer is the big game. Do not arrest the vintner till you have him. Where one is the other is likely to be. But on the moment of arrest you must have a squad of soldiers at your beck."

"Soldiers?" doubtfully.

"Express orders of his highness."

"It shall be done."

Considerable activity was manifest in the police bureau the rest of that day.

To return to Carmichael. He had never before concerned himself with resignations. Up to this hour he had never resigned anything he had set his heart upon. So it was not an easy matter for him to compose a letter to the secretary of state, resigning the post at Dreiberg. True, he added that he desired to be transferred to a seaport town, France or Italy preferred. The high altitude in Dreiberg had affected his heart. However, in case there was no other available post, they would kindly appoint his successor at once. Carmichael never faltered where his courage was concerned, and it needed a fine quality of moral courage to write this letter and enclose it in the diplomatic pouch which went into the mails that night. It took courage indeed to face the matter squarely and resolutely, when there was the urging desire to linger on and on, indefinitely. That she was not going to marry the king of Jugendheit did not alter his affairs in the least. It was hopeless, absurd and impossible. He must go.

Some one was knocking on the door.

"Come in."

"A letter for your excellency," said the concierge.

"Wait till I read it. There may be an answer."

"If Herr Carmichael would learn the secret of number forty Krumerweg, let him attire himself as a vintner and be in the Krumerweg at eight o'clock tonight."

This note was as welcome to the recipient as the flowers in the spring. An adventure? He was ready, now and always. Anything to take his mind off his own dismal affairs. Then he recalled the woman in black; the letter could apply to none but her. More than this, he might light upon the puzzle regarding the vintner. He had met the fellow before. But where?

"What sort of clothes does a vintner wear?" he asked.

"A vintner, your Excellency?"

"Yes. I shall need the costume of a vintner this evening."

"Oh, that will be easy," affirmed the concierge, "if your excellency does not mind wearing clothes that have already been worn."

"My excellency will not care a hang. Procure them as soon as you can."

So it came about that Carmichael, dressed as a vintner, his hat over his eyes, stole into the misty night and took the way to the Krumerweg. He knew exactly where he wished to go; number forty. It was gray-black in the small streets; and but for the occasional light in a window the dark would have had no modification. Sometimes he would lose the point of the compass and blunder against a wall or find himself feeling for the curb, hesitant of foot. The wayside shrine was a rift in the gloom, and he knew that he had only a few more steps to take. After all, who was the lady in black and why should he bother himself about her? She probably came from the back stairs of the palace. And yet, the chancellor himself had been in this place. What should he do? Should he walk across the street? Should he knock at the door and ask to be admitted? No; he must skulk in the dark, on the opposite side. He picked his way over the street and stood for a moment in the denser black.

A step? He trained his ear. But even as he did so his arms were grasped firmly and twisted behind his back, and at the same time a cloth was wrapped around the lower part of his face, leaving only his eyes and nose visible. It was all so sudden and unexpected that he was passive the first few seconds; after that there was some scuffling, strenuous, too. He was fighting against three. Desperately he surged this way and that. Even in the heat of battle he wondered a little why no one struck him; they simply clung to him, and at length he could not move. His hands were tied, not roughly, but surely. In all this commotion, not a whisper, not a voice; only heavy breathing.

Then one of the three whistled. A minute or two after a closed carriage came into the Krumerweg, and Carmichael was literally bundled inside. His feet were now bound. Two of his captors sat on the forward seat, while the third joined the driver. Carmichael could distinguish nothing but outlines and shadows. He choked, for he was furious. To be trussed like this, without any explanation whatever! What the devil was going on? Unanswered.

The carriage began to move slowly. It had to; swift driving in the Krumerweg was hardly possible and at no time safe. Carmichael set himself to note the turns of the street. One turn after another he counted, fixing as well as he could the topography of the town through which they were passing. At last he realized that they were leaving Dreiberg behind and were going down the mountain on the north side, toward Jugendheit. Once the level road was reached a fast pace was set and maintained for miles. At the Ehrenstein barrier no question was asked, and Carmichael's one hope was shattered. At the Jugendheit barrier the carriage stopped. There were voices. Carmichael saw the flicker of a lantern. His captors got out. Presently there appeared at the door an old man dressed as a mountaineer. In his hand was the lantern.

"Pardon me, dear nephew— Fools!" he broke off, swinging round. "He has tricked you all. This is not he!"

Three astonished faces peered over the old man's shoulder. Carmichael eyed them evilly. He now saw that one was a carter, another a butcher, and the third a baker. He had seen them before, in the Black Eagle. But this signified nothing.

"Untie him and take off that rag. It may be Scharfenstein." The old man possessed authority.

Carmichael, freed, stretched himself. "Well?" he said, with a dangerous quiet.

"Herr Carmichael, the American consul!" The old man nearly dropped the lantern. "Oh, you infernal blockheads!"

"Explanations are in order," suggested Carmichael.

"You are offered a thousand apologies for a stupid mistake. Now, may I ask how you came to be dressed in these clothes on this particular night?"

Carmichael's anger dissolved, and he laughed. All the mystery was gone with the abruptness of a mist under the first glare of the sun. He saw how neatly he had been duped. He still carried the note. This he gave to the leader of this midnight expedition.

"Humph!" said the old man in a growl. "I thought as much." He whispered to his companions. "Herr Carmichael, I shall have the honor of escorting you back to Dreiberg.'

"But will it be as easy to go in as it was to come out?"

"Trust you for that. The American consul's word will be sufficient for our needs."

"And if I refuse to give that word?"

"In that case, you will have to use your legs," curtly.

"I prefer to ride."

"Thanks. I shall sit with the driver."

"That also will please me."

"And you ask no further questions?"

"Why should I? I know all I wish to know, which is more than you would care to have me."

The mountaineer swore.

"If we talk any longer I shall be late for breakfast."

"Forward, then!"

On the way, it all came back to Carmichael with the vividness of a forgotten photograph, come upon suddenly: Bonn, the Rhine, swift and turbulent, a tow headed young fellow who could not swim well, his own plunge, his fingers in the flaxen hair, and the hard fight to the landing; all this was a tale twice told.

Vintner? Not much!

CHAPTER XVI.

Her Fan.

It was dawn when they began to pull up the road to Dreiberg. The return had been leisurely despite Carmichael's impatience. In the military field the troops were breaking camp for their departure to the various posts throughout the duchy. Only the officers who were to attend the court ball that evening, and the resident troops would remain.

The maneuvers were over; the pomp of miniature war was done. Carmichael peered through the window.

What a play yonder scene was to what he had been through! To break camp before dawn, before breakfast, rain and hail and snow smothering one; when the frost-bound iron of the musket caught one's fingers and tore the skin; the shreak of shot overhead, the boom of cannon and the gulp of impact; cold, hungry, footsore, sleepy; here and there a comrad crumpling up strangely and lying still and white; the muddy ruts in the road: the whole world a dead gray like the face of death! What did those yonder know of war? The carriae stopped.

"I shall not intrude, I trust?" said the old man, opening the door and getting in.

"Not now," replied Carmichael. "What is this all about?"

"A trifle; I might say a damn-fool trifle. But what did you meen when you said you knew all you wanted to know?" The mountaineer showed some anxiety.

"Exactly what I said. The only thing that confuses me is the motive."

The old man thought for a while. "Suppose you had a son who was making a fool of himself?"

"Or a nephew?"

"Well, or a nephew?"

"Making a fool of himself over what?"

"A woman."

"Nothing unusual in that. But what kind of a woman?"

"A good woman, honest, too good by far for any man."

"Oh!"

"Suppose she was vastly his inferior in station, that marriage to him was merely a political contract? What would you do?"

"I believe I begin to understand."

"I am grateful for that."

"But the risks you run!"

"I believed them all over last night."

"But you would dare handle him in this way?"

"When the devil drives, my friend!" The other smiled. "I was born in the heart of a war. I have taken so many risks that the sense of danger no longer has a keen edge. But now that you understand, I am sure a soldier like yourself will pardon the blunder of last night."

"Your nephew is an ungrateful wretch."

"What?" coldly.

"He knew all along who I was. I dragged him out of the Rhine upon a certain day, and he plays this trick!"

"You? Carmichael, Carmichael; of course; I should have remembered the name, as he wrote me at the time. Thank you! And you knew him all the while?"

"No; I recalled his face, but the time and place were in the dark till this early morning. Here we are at the gates. What's this? Guards? I never saw them at these gates before."

"You will make yourself known to them?"

"Yes. But if they question me?"

"Wink. Every soldier knows what that means."

"When a fellow turns in early in the morning?" Carmichael laughed hilariously.

"I ask you frankly not to let them question me. When I left the city last night I never expected to return."

"I'll do what I can."

"Carmichael bared his head and leaned out of the window. He recognized one of the guards. A policeman in military uniform!

"Good morning!" said Carmichael.

"Herr Carmichael?" surprised. "Your excellency?"

"Yes. I've been having a little junket, I and my friend here." And Carmichael winked.

"Ah!"

"But what——"

"Sh! Very important affair," said the disguised officer. "Go on."

But after the carriage had passed it occurred to him that Carmichael wore a dress like a vintner's and that his friend was a mountaineer! Du lieber Himmel! What kind of a mix-up was this? The chancelor never could have meant Carmichael!

"Thanks!" whispered the old man.

"Did you see the soldier?"

"Yes."

"He is one of the police in disguise. Be on your guard. If you don't mind I'll use this carriage to the hotel."

"You are a thousand times welcome. I will leave you here. And take the advice of an old man who has seen the four sides of humanity: leave falling in love to poets and to fools!"

The mountaineer got out quickly, closed the door, spoke a word to the driver, and slipped into an alleyway.

Carmichael arrived at the Grand hotel in time to see her serene highness, accompanied by two of her ladies and an escort of four soldiers, start out for her morning ride. The zest of his own strange adventure died. He waited till they had passed, then slunk into the hotel. The concierge gazed at him in amazement. Carmichael winked. The concierge smiled. He understood. Americaner or Ehrensteiner, the young fellows were all the same.

"Police at the gates," mused Carmichael, as he soaked his head and face in cold water. "By George, it looks as if my friend the vintner was in for some excitement! Far be it that I should warn him. He had his little joke; I can wait for mine."

Gretchen! Carmichael stopped, his collar but half-way around his throat. Gretchen, brave, kindly, beautiful Gretchen! Now, by the Lord, that should not be! He would wring the vintner's neck. He snapped the collar viciously. He was not in an amiable mood this fair September morning. And when some one hammered on the door he called sharply.

Grumbach entered.

"You are angry about something," he said.

"So I am, but you are always welcome."

"You have overslept?"

"No; on the contrary."

"Poker?"

"After a fashion," said Carmichael, the grumble gone from his voice. "I was beaten by three of a kind."

"So?"

"But I found a good hand later."

"What?"

"Kings."

"Four?"

"Oh, no; only one. I haven't drawn yet."

"You are not telling me all."

"No. You are going to the ball tonight?"

"I would not miss it for five thousand crowns," sadly.

"You look as if you were going to a funeral instead of the greatest event of the year in Dreiberg."

"I didn't sleep well, either."

"Out?"

"No; one does not have to go out in order not to sleep."

"I'd like to know what's going on in that bullet-head of yours."

"Nothing is going on; everything has stopped."

"Can't you make a confidant of me, Hans?"

"Not yet, Captain."

"When you are ready it may be too late. I leave Dreiberg for good in a few weeks."

"No!" For the first time Grumbach showed interest.

"I have resigned the consulship."

"And for what reason?"

Carmichael silently drew on his coat.

"Ach! So you have one, too?"

"One what?"

"One secret."

"Yes. But it's the kind we can't talk about."

"I understand. Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Let us go together. It may be we need each other's company this morning. You and I won't have to bother about talking."

"You make a good comrade, Hans."

* * * * *

There was a large crowd outside the palace that night, which was clear and starry. A troop of cavalry patrolled the fence. Carriage after carriage rolled in through the gates, coming directly from the opera. It was eleven o'clock. All the great in the duchy were on hand that night. Often a cheer rose from the ranks of the outsiders as some popular general or some famous beauty passed. It was an orderly crowd, jostling and good-natured, held only by curiosity. Every window in the palace presented a glowing square of light; and beams crisscrossed the emerald lawns and died in the arms of the lurking shadows. The gardens were illuminated besides. It was fairyland, paid for by those who were not entitled to enter. Few, however, thought of this inconsistency. A duchy is a duchy; nothing more need be said.

Carmichael was naturally democratic. To ride a block in a carriage was to him a waste of time. And he rather liked to shoulder into a press. With the aid of his cane and a frequent push of his elbow he worked his way to the gates. And close by the sentry-box he saw Gretchen and her vintner. Carmichael could not resist stopping a moment. He raised his hat to Gretchen, to the wonder of those nearest. The vintner would have gladly disappeared, but the human wall behind made this impossible. But he was needlesly alarmed. Carmichael only smiled ironically.

"Do you know where the American consulate is?" he asked low, so that none but Gretchen and the vintner heard.

"Yes," said the vintner, blushing with shame. "I live above the agency."

"Good! I shall expect to see you in the morning."

But the vintner was determined that he shouldn't. He would be at work in the royal vineyards on the morrow.

"Tomorrow?" repeated Gretchen, to whom this by-play was a blank. "Why should he wish to see you?"

"Who knows? Let us be going. They are pressing us too close to the gates."

"Very well," acquieced Gretchen, somewhat disappointed. She wanted to see all there was to be seen.

"It is half-past 10," he added, as if to put forward some logical excuse for leaving at this moment.

A man followed them all the way to the Krumerweg.

Carmichael threw himself eagerly into the gaiety of the dance. Never had he seen the ball room so brilliant with color. Among all those there his was the one somber dress. The white cambric stock and the frill in his shirt were the only gay touches. It was not his fault; the rules of the service compelled him thus to dress. But he needed no brass or cloth of old. There was not a male head among all the others to compare with his.

He was an accomplished waltzer, after the manner of that day, when one went round and round like some mechanical toy wound up. Strauss and Waldteufel tingled his feet; and he whirled ambassadors' wives till they were breathless and ambassadors' daughters till they no longer knew or cared where they were. He was full of subtle deviltry this night, with an undercurrent of malice toward everyone and himself in particular. This would be the last affair of the kind for him, and he wanted a full memory of it. Between times he exchanged a jest or two with the chancellor or talked battles with old Ducwitz; twice he caught the grand duke's eye, but there was only a friendly nod from that august personage, no invitation to talk. Thrice, while on the floor, her highness passed him; but there was never a smile, never a glance. He became careless and reckless. He would seek her and talk to her and smile at her, even if the duke threw a regiment in between. The Irish blood in him burned tonight, capable of any folly.

He no longer danced. He waited and watched; and it was during one of these waits that he saw Grumbach in the gallery.

"Now, what the devil is the Dutchman doing with a pair of opera glasses!"

It required some time and patience to discover the object of this singular attention on the part of Grumbach. Carmichael was finally convinced that this object was no less a person than her serene highness!

Later her highness stood before one of the long windows in the conservatory, listlessly watching the people in the square. And these poor fools envied her! To envy her, who was a prisoner, a chattel to be exchanged for war's immunity, who was a princess in name, but a cipher in fact! All was wrong with the world. She had stolen out of the ball room; the craving to be alone had been too trong. Little she cared whether they missed her or not. She left the window and sat on one of the divans, idly opening and shutting her fan. Was that some one coming for her? She turned.

It was Carmichael.

What an opportunity for scandal! She laughed inwardly. The barons and their wives, the ambassadors' wives and their daughters, would miss them both. And the spirit of deviltry lay also upon her heart. She smiled at the man and with her fan bade him be seated at her side. The divinity that hedges in a king did not bother either of them just then.

"You have not asked me to dance tonight," she declared.

"I know it."

"Why?"

"I am neither a prince nor an ambassador."

"But you have danced with me."

"Yes; I have been to heaven now and then."

"And do you eject yourself thus easily?"

"By turning myself out my self-esteem remains unruffled."

"Then you expected to be turned out?"

"Sooner or later."

"Why?"

Again that word! To him it was the most tantalizing word in the language. It crucified him.

"Why?" she repeated, her eyes soft and dreamy.

"As I have said, I am not a prince. I am only a consul, not even a diplomat, simply a business arm of my government. My diplomacy never ascends above the quality of hops and wines imported. I am supposed to take in any wandering sailor, feed him and ship him home. I am also the official guide of all American tourists."

"That is no reason."

"Your father—" He should have said the grand duke.

"Ah, yes; my father, the chancellor, the ambassadors, and their wives and daughters! I begin to believe that you have grown afraid of them."

"I confess that I have. I had an adventure last night. Would you like to hear about it?"

To be Continued.

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THE FARMSTEAD

Treatment of Soil

By Charles E. Thorne.
Director Ohio Experiment Station.

The maintenance and increase of the fertility of the soil transcends all other industrial problems. It is possible and thoroughly practical to greatly increase the yield of crops through animal husbandry. The average yield of wheat in England has grown from 12 to 14 bushels per acre two centuries ago to nearly 32 bushels per acre for the five years, 1904 to 1908, largely by the use of animal manure, and by the use of chemical fertilizers and rich imported feeds. In horses, cattle, sheep and swine the united kingdom has the equivalent of 144 cattle per square mile, while Illinois has 78.

Fifteen years' continous culture of crops at the Ohio experiment station on plots without treatment, on other plots with manure, five tons per acre, and on still other plots with 420 pounds per acre of commercial fertilizer, when compared with the same crops in rotation, but with the same treatment, show as the average of the five years, 1904 to 1908, a difference of 24 bushels of corn, 9 bushels of oats and 12 bushels of wheat per acre in favor of the rotation. There was but little difference the first few years. Manure has been re-enforced and applied to silty clay deficient in phosphorus and lime. Part of the manure has been thrown into an open barnyard during the winter and allowed to lie exposed to the weather until April, while another part has accumulated under the feet of the cattle until the same time. The cropping has been a rotation of corn, wheat and clover. The average of 13 years' results shows that the manure has not been used with the highest economy until re-enforced with phospohrus. The gypsum and kainit were found relatively unprofitable.

In 1894 four old fields of ten acres each were set apart for a rotation of corn, oats, wheat and clover, the corn being grown on clover sod without manure or fertilizer, the oats following without treatment, but the wheat receiving a top dressing after plowing and before seeding of eight to ten tons of barnyard manure per acre.

In 1903 the system was changed and eight to ten tons of stable manure applied to the corn land in the fall and winter. A ton per acre of quick lime, or two pounds of powdered limestone, being applied in the spring and the wheat receiving 350 pounds of a fertilizer containing about 4 per cent each of nitrogen and potassium and 7 per cent of phosphorus. The outcome of this change has been an increase in the yield of corn from a previous average of 48.7 bushels per acre to one of 73.8 bushels; oats from 52.2 to 55 bushels; wheat from 19.9 to 36.2 bushels; hay from 2.7 to 4 tons per acre.

The manure used at present is treated with ground phosphate rock or floats, during its accumulation in the stable at the rate of 40 to 50 pounds per ton manure, or about 400 pounds per acre, and at a cost of about $1.60 per acre. The liming has cost about $6 per acre and the fertilizer used on the wheat about $6.40—a total of $14 for the four-year rotation. But on the gain of 25 bushels of corn, three of oats, 16 of wheat and one and one-third tons of hay would have a total value of $40 per acre. In other words, the cost of treatment is being recovered nearly three times over in the increase of crop.

Of course it is not possible to return in the manure made from the produce of an acre of land all the elements of fertility withdrawn from that acre by the crops grown upon it, but by proper attention to accumulation of nitrogen through the growing of leguminous crops in systematic rotation, and by restoring the comparatively small waste of mineral elements, it becomes possible to prevent further loss of fertility, while the present market price of materials carrying all the essential element, including nitrogen, is such as to justify their use as supplements to manure.

Corn alone is not an economical nor a healthful food for man or beast, while all experiences show that rotation of crops is absolutely essential to the highest yields. I venture the suggestion that if the soy bean were substituted for part of the corn grown the result would be a marked increase in the total food production of the soil and in consequent prosperity of the farmer.

The land now under cultivation is yielding only about half the produce which it is possible and economically practicable to secure from it. The highest production of food and clothing for humanity can only be obtained under a system of agriculture in which the scientific feeding of live stock and the use of resultant manure is a leading feature, because the lower animals are necessarily sources of food and clothing, and especially because they are able to convert into the most nutritious of human foods substances which are indigestible in the human stomach and yet are necessary parts of the plants which produce our food grains.

In the splendid work which is being done by the experiment stations through carefully conducted soil tests, and through extensive investigations in the nutrition of animals, farmers have the opportunity to conduct their business in the light of such a knowledge of the factors making for success as has been vouchsafed to no other generation of men.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would like to learn through the Farmstead how to keep celery through the winter. I have a nice crop growing and I know nothing about taking care of it. Will somebody enlighten me?—B., Sacramento, Ky.

What shall I put on my cucumber vines to keep the insects off?—M., Canfield, Ohio.

Will some farmer please tell me what is the matter with my hogs? The joints of their legs swell and they get in such a bad condition that they cannot get up, but eat heartily all the time.—H., Cubank, Ky.

Will some reader kindly give me through the Farmstead department a recipe for making dill pickles? Also blackberry wine?—D., Captina, W. Va.

Please tell me why my fruit trees do not bear well. I have two fine cherry trees and an apricot that never bear more than a dozen each. What can be done to make them bear?—H., Newark, N. J.

At one time I read in The Blade a recipe for making a preparation to apply to fence posts to make them last. I failed to file it. Will the person who gave it, or any other person who knows of it, send it to the Farmstead for publication again?—G., Dayton, Wash.

THE FRESH COW'S MILK.

In reply to an inquirer in the Farmstead I want to say that we always use the fourth or fifth milking from a cow that is fresh. It is a custom among some to wait till the eighth or ninth milking, but it is no more than a custom that has been handed down to them. Of course if a cow is not in good health she may not give wholesome milk.—L., Cove, Ore.

SWEENY—A CURE.

Someone wants to know how to cure a case of sweeny. This may be done by cutting a small hole in the skin of the shoulder and inflating it with a bicycle pump. If this cannot be secured use a quill with the mouth. The hole may be made by opening the blade of a sharp knife half way and placing the point on the affected part; then strike the back of the knife with the hand. Pump until the skin is raised high from the bone. Do not work the animal for 10 days. This is a sure cure, if the case is not of too long standing.—B.

GROWING CELERY.

Cultivating celery, which is perhaps our foremost salad vegetable, is very simple, though it involves much work. Seed should be sown in frames or cool greenhouses three months before setting out the plants, which should be done in June or the early part of July. The amateur gardener may obtain the plants already to set out. They should be put in rows six inches apart.

A moist peat soil is to be preferred, though celery can be grown in clay or even a sandy soil, with proper fertility and drainage. The old method of planting celery in a trench is no longer used to any extent. A good arrangement of the plants is to alternate early and late varieties in successive rows. The early varieties can be blanched between boards and removed, after which the soil is available for blanching the later varieties.

The two important methods of blanching are: First, the use of boards placed on both sides of the row, or second, by packing the soil about the plants. In small gardens blanching may be accomplished by wrapping paper about bunches. Blanching may be begun on the earlier varieties in September and on the later kinds just before the usual time for frost.

THINNING FRUIT.

July is the month in which all work in the line of thinning out fruit should be over, says Joseph Meehan, in Practical Farmer. There is always the "June fall of peaches," as it is called, as well as the apple, plum and other fruit fallings, caused by injurious insects, and these fallings may better be waited for before doing any thinning by hand. But when all trees have parted with such as are defective, it is then the farmer's turn to go through his orchard and determine whether or not there is more fruit on the trees than seems well the trees should carry. There may still be counted a few more to fall before ripe, for curculio stung fruit will sometimes hang on until nearly ripe before falling. There is no gain whatever in having too great numbers of fruit on a trees, for if a branch bearing a number of fruits clustered together is cleared of half of them the weight of those left will equal what the whole number would have made had all been left to ripen, supposing, of course, the branch was evidently overloaded. The Kieffer pear is a sure one to overbear, and it is rare that it does not call for a good thinning. When first introduced it was common to see branches of this pear loaded with fruit exhibited at state fairs and like places, but intelligent committees rebuked rather than praised such exhibits, as showing lack of judgment on the part of those bringing them, as they should have thinned them out, producing fewer in number but better fruit. In spite of all that is said, it is difficult to get any one to thin out fruit. One would think they sold them by the number, not by measure, and sometimes they do, but even then size counts all the time.

FEEDING HINTS.

Always keep broken charcoal about the size of grains of wheat in one compartment of the self-feeder, within easy and constant reach of the fowls. It is a great appetizer, digestive and general health promoter, and it is also very cheap.

Old rusty, leaky pans make good drinking vessels for poultry if covered inside and out with coal tar. Let them dry two or three days in the sun, and they will be almost indestructible.—Country Life in America for July.

POOR SOILS AND POVERTY.

Only a prosperous nation can afford the trained intelligence or education of its people. Poverty is at once helpless and soon ignorant and indolent. Roman agriculture declined until a bushel of seed brought only four bushels of harvest— until the high civilization passed into the dark ages. The dark ages still exist in Russia and India where as an average year by year more people are hungry than live in the United States, where the average wage is fifty cents a month, where famine wages always and the price of wheat sometimes rises to six months' wages of a working man to buy one bushel.

Much of the abandoned lands of America are past the point of possible self redemption and the fault lies not with the farmers and land owners, but with the statesmen who as James J. Hill says, have unduly assisted manufacture, commerce and other activities that center in cities at the expense of the farm. There was no need whatever that the cultivated lands of the eastern statesshould have been depleted.

Young men of the United States are putting $90,000,000 a year into Canadian farms, because they were never taught that by investing those millions in the application of science to agriculture they can remain in the United States and secure greater profit and also save our lives from depletion.

To know and appreciate men and women, we must come in close touch with them. No better place for this than the Grange hall. Here you get the heart to heart touch that enables you to know and understand that neighbor who has been a nighdweller of yours for years, but one you never felt you really knew. So, added to the joys of earth is Fraternal fellowship.

COWPOX

My cows have awful sore teats and bags. There are spots, or little boils, on them, and these burst and leave raw sores, which bleed at milking time. The cows kick when we go to milk. This trouble has been in my barn for some months, and every heifer or cow gets it and it stays right along. We cannot go on running a dairy if this thing lasts much longer. We have used several kinds of grease, salve and liniments, but they only make the cow kick worse and don't heal the sore places. What would you advise doing to get these cows in shape again?—G. McN., Wisconsin.

Reply—The cows have "cowpox" and the disease is contagious and is spread by the milker's hands. It is comparatively easy to cure and get rid of. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable. Place the affected cows by themselves and milk them last, or have them milked by one who does not touch the other cows. Before and after milking each cow wash the hands in a solution of half an ounce of hyposulphite of soda to the quart of water and use a similar solution with which to wash the udder twice a day. Paint the sores with glycerite of tannin as required. If any of them prove tardy in healing paint with tincture of iodine once or twice and then use the glycerite as a paint. Balsam of Peru applied after soaking the sores with a saturated solution of boric acid also is an admirable remedy.

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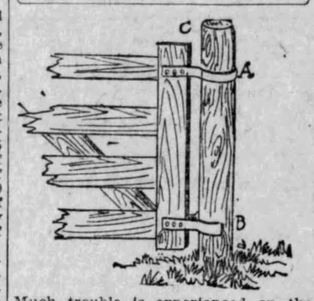

Much trouble is experienced on the farm by the sagging of gates to the ground. This may be avoided by strong iron band hinges, arranged as in the illustration.

FOR POTATO BUGS.

Fifteen years of experiment with potato bugs have convinced Prof. William L. Tower, biologist of the University of Chicago, that environment causes variation of species. Prof. Tower, in a lecture before summer students of the university, told the results of his research in Arizona and New Mexico.

"This theory has long been held, and I feel that I have proven it without chance of controversy," said Prof. Tower.

"I took three species of potato bug to the southwest. I put them in different parts of the country, and in time each section produced a different type. The outcome of these experiments has convinced me that experimental evolution is still in its infancy."

BUYING BY JUDGE'S DECISION

The breeder who has made a study of the business and is well up to the top, knows how far he can go in buying fancy points and that show ring judgment decision cuts no figure with him whatever, because if he is a high-class breeder he is probably a better judge than the man who has placed the award, and it doesn't warp him in the least; but it is the other fellow who isn't posted who is being warped, and a decision of that kind on the Wisconsin state fair grounds or the Minnesota state fair grounds might mean losses that would run up into thousands of dollars in a few years to men who are unsophisticated but still anxious to improve. I have seen a few decisions of that kind that are so broad and plain, and men were so misled by that that I can trace losses of thousands of dollars myself from my own observation.—George McKerrow.

The Wheat Ears.

Edward H. Crump, mayor of Memphis, praised, in a recent address, those charities that send slum children to the country in the hot weather.

"The pale, lean urchins of the slums," said Mayor Crump, "show in quaint ways how strange they are to the county and its charms.

"Thus a little country weeker, on leaving the train at Green Willows, ran ahead of his companions over the meadows. He soon came running back again, shouting excitedly:

"'Hey, fellers, come here, quick! Here's a field of shrimps!'

"The field to which he pointed was planted in wheat."

URINARY TROUBLE

I have a mare that has been affected with what the local veterinary calls incontinence of urine. She became affected about one year ago. I think from feeding alfalfa hay of very poor quality. She urinates frequently and in small quantities. When heated from working it seems to aggravate the trouble. Is there danger from working her and getting her in a heated condition? If so, would there be danger of abortion if the mare was heavy in foal?—Lucian S. Pratt, Illinois.

Reply—Moldy alfalfa hay is quite often a cause of irritation of the kidneys and the symptoms would be such as you describe. It is fungi in the hay that causes the irritation. Usually the urine is passed too often and in excessive quantities and the ailment is called "diabetis insipidis." Working the mare will be good for her when pregnant, but she should not be overworked. The moldy alfalfa hay might cause abortion and would be more safe to do so than hard work. If the mare is not in foal give half-ounce doses of sirup of iodine of iron two or three times daily in half a pint of flaxseed tea, as found necessary to check the urination at times when it is profuse. To stop the irritation give half an ounce of fluid extract of belladonna leaves two or three times daily. Prefer soft to hard drinking water.

AMERICAN FARMER BACKWARD

We have a class of American farmers who can see no merit in new ideas. If they would reflect they could see that the style of farming they and their fathers pursued has steadily reduced the productive power of their farms. But few farms that we have known in Wisconsin for the past 50 years will produce as much grain per acre as they did in the beginning. Some of them, where butter dairying has been pursued and where large quantities of bran and other protein and phosphate foods have been purchased, are in as good, or better condition today than they were originally. No man has a right to call himself a farmer in the true sense of the word whose farm runs down in productive power. When farms are let to tenants a part of the owner's share should be laid out each year in fertilizer to keep up the land. That is of the first importance, and English farmers are guided by the idea. It should be a guide of the American farmer as well.

Doom awaits the prosperous corn-belt farmer unless something is done with the soils to prevent deterioration.

A study was recently made on the effect of phosphorus on the chlorophyll or green coloring matter in plants. It was found that not only does the physiological action indicate a close relation between phosphorus and chlorophyll in the plant cell, but alcoholic and benzol extracts of green leaves show an inorganic phosphorus compound as well as colorless phosphatids, indicating that phosphorus plays a very important role in chlorophyll formation. The phosphorus in the plant was found to occur not only in combination with glycerin, but also in other forms, and it is believed to play as important a role in the physiological activity of the plant as magnesium or the sun. Action upon chlorophyll by the sun results in the making of food in plants.

The import value of the foreign cotton brought into the United States in the last 20 years was $156,252,356.

Proper Rations for Brood Sows

By Prof. Herbert W. Mumford,
Illinois College of Agriculture.

"I should be glad if you would suggest some rations suitable for brood sows after farrowing, together with some discussion of the question of feeding for best results."

I could not do better than to quote from some suggestions on this point recently published by J. M. Evvard, formerly connected with the Missouri experiment station.

Constipation is an evil omen when the sow is the victim. It means that there is something wrong somewhere. The general remedy is laxative feed. In stringent cases castor oil or epsom salts must be resorted to for immediate effect, but in all cases prevention of the occurrence or the recurrence is secured by the feeding of laxative food and in making a provision for exercise. Among the most commonly used foods we have these, ranking in their loosening effect as follows: Flaxseed meal, alfalfa and clover pasture, bran, alfalfa meal, blue grass, soy bean meal, whole milk, skim milk, tankage, meat meal, shorts or middlings, barley, oats, rye and corn. The flax feeds lead the list, while corn is constipating in its effects, especially when fed exclusively. By properly supplementing maize, however, this binding feature may be

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SOY BEANS AFFECT BUTTER

To determine the effect of soy bean meal and soy bean oil upon the composition of milk and butter fat, and upon the consistency or body of butter, a series of experiments were designed to study the effect of different feeds upon the character and composition of dairy products.

Two lots of six cows each were fed three periods. One lot received throughout an average daily ration of bran, ground oats, cornmeal, gluten feed, cottonseed meal and mixed hay, the grain mixture amounting to seven and five-tenths pounds. The second lot were fed the same ration in the first period, which lasted 14 days, but in the second period of 28 days, two and eight-tenths pounds of soy bean meal minus the oil, and in the third period, lasting 21 days, six-tenths of a pound of the normal grain ration was replaced by the same amount of soy bean oil. In the second period the second lot consumed about one-half pound more digestible protein than lot one, and in the third period six-tenths of a pound more fat. One cow lost in live weight owing to digestive disturbances in the second period, but the flow of milk appeared normal except in the case of one cow in lot two near the close of the third period.

The following conclusions were drawn:

Soy bean meal partially extracted (two and three pounds per day per head) seemed to be without influence in changing the proportions of the several milk constituents or in imparting any flavor to the milk.

Soy bean oil (six-tenths of a pound per day per head) was likewise without influence on the composition and flavor of the milk.

Soy bean meal did not modify the chemical character of the butter fat. Neither did it have any effect upon the separation of the fat from the milk serum, the time of ripening of the cream, nor on the thoroughness of the churning. Expert butter scorers could not detect any particular flavor in the butter as a result of feeding the meal. The meal imparted a noticeable softness to the body of the butter, but not sufficiently so as to injure its commercial value excepting during the warm months. The softness of the body of the butter was due probably to the oil contained in the beanmeal and not to the bean protein.

Soy bean oil depressed the volatile fatty acids (Reichert-Meisel number) and thus lowered the saponification number of the butter fat; it increased the percentage of unsaturated acids (Iodin number) and the total insoluble acids. The acid number and the Valenta test were also increased. The oil did not noticeably change the melting point of the fat as measured by the Wiley test; it increased somewhat the refractive index.

The oil caused a marked softness of the butter; the latter also contained some 2 per cent more moisture than did the butter produced by the normal ration. No other changes were observed.

PRICE AND VALUE OF MEAL

Dealers in cottonseed meal should explain to customers who fail to insist upon the proper relation of selling price and fertilizer and feeding value, the simple method of computing the approximate price of meal of any grade when the price of the best meal is known, and they should themselves buy meal otherwise sound and sweet on actual analysis or guarantee and sell it in this way.

For example, if it is shown that a certain mill usually makes meal containing, say, 6.6 per cent of nitrogen as some of them do) and this meal can be bought for $30 a ton, it is much cheaper at this price than the meal sold by a competitor which will average 6.25 per cent nitrogen.

If the ills and merchants will insist in selling sound meal on the basis of composition, unfair practices will be eliminated quickly enough, and purchasers who have not learned how to properly discriminate between different qualities of meal will have the protection of a business resting in its respect upon a fair and sound commercial basis.

Hanging of Quakers.

Boston Post.

Bearing on the controversy as to whether Quakers were hanged from the limbs of the old Boston elm, Florence E. Daggett, of 559 Medford street, Charlestown, has a piece cut from the old elm 50 years ago.

On one side of the wood, which was carved at the Charlestown state prison by Captain Parker, who for 24 years was an officer on the wall, was:

"Cut from the Old Boston Elm, 1860."

On the reverse side was inscribed:

"Mary Dyer, a Quakeress, was hanged from this tree, June 1660."

FREE $1.00 BOX ON TRIAL

IF SEEKING HEALTH---READ THIS

Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like Steam on an Engine. They generate vital warmth and nerve energy. They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of Natural Vim and Nerve Force, which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous, lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have bad dreams, poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you a full dollar box on trial. When you are satisfied that our Tablets restore health and vitality, then send us $1. You are not required to pay one penny if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to Health and Strength. Send your name and address and we mail you a dollar box at once.

Biel Mfg. Co., 738 Barclay, Denver, Col

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Making farmers out of the surplus population of the city is the proclaimed object of a new organization of which a number of well known men are designated as officials. The association proposes to incorporate with a million dollar capitalization and establish model farms for city people. From a philanthropic standpoint the innovation may possess considerable merit; from a practical point of view it is not likely to amount to much. Success at farming requires farm experience as well as inclination. It is not a job that "just anybody" can make good in—a fact well proven in that it takes the smartest and best educated farm boy and not the fool of the family to make good profits on the farm. We do not anticipate any great revolution of either city or farm conditions through the accomplishment of this new enterprise.

BREEDING CORN

It seems pretty well agreed upon by corn breeders that it is best in the breeding plot to remove barren stalks or to pull out their tassels, but from the standpoint of crop production in the larger fields, with the view of getting a large yield in any particular year, this would not be necessary nor practical. Barrenness seems to depend upon a good many factors aside from heredity, one of the principal ones being soil fertility.

An insect which injures the vitality of a stalk of corn may thereby render it impossible for that stalk to produce an ear.

Of course the fact that good soil fertility and freedom from insects and plant diseases are essential to the production of ears, does not interfere with the fact that some stalks have greater natural tendency to produce ears than others, hence we should select seed corn from those stalks which are most prolific.

The Horse's Prayer.

Chicago Progressive Thinker.

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and when the days' work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me cool, clean water often. Save me by all means in your power from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick; so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, which I have often proved might not be of wood, but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally O, master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured or starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irrelevant if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.

Ye Editor and the Man Eater.

Bronson (Minn.) Budget.

Carlson is a daring chauffeur as was proven when he invited two such highly explosive substances as Babcock the editor and Green the lumberman to ride in the back seat and light their cigars toó if we so desired. It was taking long chances sure enough, but Carlson turned on the power and as he swung out into the main road opened wide the throttle, tightened down the power clutch, and giving full head to this marvelous machine, it snorted down the road like an angry dragon, its entrails full of exploding gasoline, its heart on fire and its lungs hissing and smoking with the venom of a hundred serpents.

The automobile germ is big enough to fly along with a flock of geese, has a beak like a six-tined pitchfork—when it stings you never get over it.

The New Art.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, says the Washington Star, was discussing, at a studio tea in New York, a recent scandal in the picnic trade.

"Look here, old man," said G. Innis Kerr, the etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands, too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" Mr. Kerr inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE OLIVE.

I have an olive tree that is now bearing fruit, and would like to know something about the olive, how it is used, etc.—M. P., Brandon, Miss.

The olive is one of the leading fruits of the world. California is the leading olive producing district of the United States. The principle uses of the olive are for oil production, for pickling, either green or ripe, and for drying. For the production of oil a special apparatus is required, so that it would be useless for a small grower to undertake such an enterprise. For pickling the fruits are gathered by hand before they are likely to become soft during the process, a degree of maturity not readily described, except by saying that the time is just before the fruits would change from green to the mature fruit tint, which varies with the variety from yellow to almost black. They are first placed either in pure water, which must be changed each day, or in a weak solution of lye. This is to remove the bitterness and acridity and soften the skin. After the latter process, which may occupy from one to three months, the lye is removed by soaking in pure water. Then the olives are subjected to a series of immersions in salt solutions of gradually increasing strength, the maximum being dense enough to float an egg. They will now keep for years if properly stored. Pickled green olives are much less a food than a table delicacy or relish; but pickled ripe olives, which are prepared by much the same process and are gaining in favor, are considered primarily as food. Dried olives are popular in some Mediterranean countries, but are little known in the American market.

SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE.

Please give the origin or the saying, "He will never set the river on fire."—S. H. I., Patesville, Ky.

When we say that a certain person will never set the river on fire, it is an indirect way of stating that we do not consider that person to be a very bright man. The origin of the saying was that many years ago in England each family was obliged to sift its own flour. This was done by means of a sleve called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be rapidly revolved on the top of a barrel. It sometimes happened that when a person was unusually energetic in sifting his flour, the temse caught afire on account of the friction. Because of this it became a common saying that no man would never set the temse on fire. After a while these sleves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of shiftless and stupid men in the world, people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire. The river Thames is pronounced exactly like the name of the flour sleve, and by and by the names got mixed, so that after many years when the old fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river Thames on fire. The saying was accordingly modified to suit this idea, and that is why we say that person will never set the river on fire.

MARCUS A. HANNA.

Will you please give a history of the life of Marcus A. Hanna?—W. P. M., Ellijay, Ga.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the American politician, was born September 24, 1837, and died in 1904. He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland and afterwards took a year's course in the Western Reserve university. He left college to enter the grocery trade with his father and later had entire control of the business. He then became interested in a firm which handled coal and iron. He extended the work of this firm and built a line of lake steel steamships for lake trade. 1877 Hanna became the controlling partner of the firm, and acquired large interests in lake navigation. He was for a time manager of a theatre, connected with one of the banks of Cleveland, and had something to do with a street railway. In 1880 Hanna organized a business men's political club, and from that time was active in politics. 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention, and four years later was John Sherman's political manager. It was he who conducted the presidential campaign in which William McKinley was elected, and which resulted in the election of that person. Hanna became United States senator to succeed Sherman in 1897, and the following year was elected to serve a full term. As a large employer of labor Hanna had a large number of questions to deal with his own employes, and as a rule won their respect and confidence by his fairness and willingness to listen to their claims. He has been a firm believer in arbitration between labor and capital, and was active in the organization of the National Civic Federation.

THE BROWNSVILLE AFFAIR.

I would like to have the Question Bureau give a description of the Brownsville affair. —H. D., Sterling, Kansas.

On August 13, 1906 twenty soldiers of one company of a negro regiment stationed in the vicinity went on a rampage in Brownsville, Texas, because they had been refused the privilege of drinking with the white customers at several bars and also because several of their number had been arrested for unseemly behavior on the streets. At midnight they fired several volleys down Main street. One person was killed and another wounded. President Roosevelt later discharged the whole company from the service.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Will you please tell what is meant by the term Hobson's choice?—A. W. T., Smithsville, Ind.

Hobson's choice means a nominal choice with no real alternative. It owes its origin to the practice of Tobias Hobson, a university carrier at Cambridge, England, in Milton's time. It is told that Hobson was the first person in England who kept a hackney stable. He always asked his customers to take their choice of his forty horses; but no matter which horse was chosen, Hobson always managed to put off the traveler with the horse which stood nearest the door.

WIVES OF HENRY VIII.

Will you please tell what became of the wives of Henry VIII?—W. D. R., Morenci, Mich.

Henry VIII. king of England. In his twelfth year he was betrothed to his brother's widow Catherine of Aragon, sister of Philip I. of Spain. The much vexed question as to the legality of the marriage contracted by Henry with his brother's widow, which had been started at the time of its celebration, was one certain to be revived on the slightest occasion. A strange mixture of public spirit, religious or superstitious feeling and selfish desire, now determined Henry to seek a divorce. In the beginning of 1533, Henry, impatient at the long delay, was privately married to Anne Boleyn. Within three months afterwards the marriage was made public and to complete matters, Cramer, recently appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, held a court, as the highest ecclesiastical authority in England, and pronounced sentence of divorce, declaring the marriage of Henry and Catherine to have been null from the beginning. Anne Boleyn was beheaded, and Henry married Jane Seymour in 1536, who died the following year. He then married Anne of Cleves, and was divorced the same year. Catherine Howard, his fifth wife, was executed in 1542; his last queen, Catharine Parr, survived him.

THE GAME OF LACROSSE.

Please explain through these colmuns how the game of lacrosse is played.—S. S. H., Cumberland, Miss.

The game of lacrosse is played on a level field having such boundaries as the players may decide upon. The object of the game is to carry or throw the ball with the crosse or stick, as it is more commonly called, between the opponents' goal posts. These posts are two for each side, each pair six feet high and six feet apart, with 125 yards between the goals. Each goal is surrounded on the front and sides by lines called the crease, drawn six feet outside the posts. The players are twelve in number, and when in position for play extend nearly across the field from goal to goal at intervals of ten yards from each other. The goal keeper, whose position is within the lines of the crease, is the only player who may catch or throw the ball with his hands. No player, except the goal keeper, may come within the lines of the crease except when the ball is there. The game requires two umpires and a referee. The position of the umpires is behind the goals, and their duty is to determine whether or not a goal has been made by the players. The referee has general control of the game, decides on fouls and claims, and administers the rules. He may not reverse the decision of the umpire, but he may remove him.

ELECTION OF 1904.

Please give the popular vote of each state in the election of 1904.—E. S. W., Richfield, N. C.

The popular vote in each state in the presidential election of 1904 was as follows:

Alabama—Roosevelt, 79,857; Parker, 79,857; Parker, 22,472; Debs, 853; Swallow, 612; Watson, 5,051.

Arkansas—Parker, 64,434; Roosevelt, 46,860; Debs, 1,816; Swallow, 993; Watson, 2,318.

California—Parker, 89,404; Roosevelt, 205,226; Debs, 29,535; Swallow, 7,380.

Colorado—Parker, 100,105; Roosevelt, 134,687; Debs, 4,304; Swallow, 3,438; Corrigan, 335; Watson, 824.

Connecticut—Parker, 72,909; Roosevelt, 111,089; Deb,s 4,543; Swallow, 1,506; Corrigan, 575; Watson, 494.

Delaware—Parker, 19,360; Roosevelt, 23,714; Debs, 146; Swallow, 607; Watson, 46.

Florida—Parker, 27,046; Roosevelt, 8,314; Debs, 2,337; Watson, 1,605.

Georgia—Parker, 83,472; Roosevelt, 24,003; Debs, 197; Swallow, 685; Watson, 22,635.

Idaho—Parker, 18,480; Roosevelt, 47,783; Debs, 4,949; Swallow, 1,013; Watson, 352.

Illinois—Parker, 327,606; Roosevelt, 632,645; Debs, 69,225; Swallow, 34,770; Corrigan, 4,698; Watson, 6,725; Continental party, 830.

Indiana—Parker, 274,345; Roosevelt, 368,289; Debs, 12,013; Swallow, 23,496; Corrigan, 1,598; Watson, 2,444.

Iowa—Parker, 149,141; Roosevelt, 307,907; Debs, 14,847; Swallow, 11,601; Watson, 2,207.

Kansas—Parker, 84,800; Roosevelt, 210,893; Debs, 15,494; Swallow, 7,245; Watson, 6,156.

Kentucky—Parker, 217,170; Roosevelt, 205,277; Debs, 3,602; Swallow, 6,609; Corrigan, 596; Watson, 2,511.

Louisiana—Parker, 47,747; Roosevelt, 5,205; Debs, 995.

Maine—Parker, 27,641; Roosevelt, 64,432; Debs, 2,101; Swallow, 1,510; Watson, 357.

Maryland—Parker, 109,446; Roosevelt, 109,497; Debs, 2,247; Swallow, 3,084.

Massachusetts — Parker, 165,746; Roosevelt, 257,822; Debs, 13,604; Swallow, 4,279; Corrigan, 2,359; Watson, 1,294.

Michigan—Parker, 134,151; Roosevelt, 361,866; Debs, 8,941; Swallow, 13,308; Corrigan, 1,012; Wason, 1,159.

Minnesota—Parker, 56,187; Roosevelt, 216,651; Debs, 11,692; Swallow, 6,253; Corrigan, 874; Watson, 2,102.

Mississippi—Parker, 53,376; Roosevelt, 3,187; Debs, 392; Watson, 1,424.

Missouri—Parker, 296,312; Roosevelt, 321,449; Debs, 13,009; Swallow, 7,191; Corrigan, 1,674; Watson, 4,226.

Montana—Parker, 21,773; Roosevelt, 34,932; Debs, 5,676; Swallow, 335; Corrigan, 208; Watson, 1,520.

Nebraska—Parker, 51,876; Roosevelt, 138,555; Debs, 7,312; Swallow, 6,323; Watson, 20,518.

Nevada—Parker, 3,982; Roosevelt, 6,867; Swallow, 925; Watson, 344.

New Hampshire — Parker, 33,992; Roosevelt, 54,177; Debs, 1,090; Swallow, 749; Watson 81.

New Jersey—Parker, 164,566; Roosevelt, 245,164; Debs, 9,587; Swallow, 6,845; Corrigan, 2,680; Watson, 3,708.

New York—Parker, 683,981; Roosevelt, 859,533; Debs, 36,883; Swallow, 20,787; Corrigan, 9,127; Watson, 7,459.

North Carolina — Parker, 124,121; Roosevelt, 82,442; Debs, 124; Swallow, 361; Watson, 819.

North Dakota—Parker, 14,273; Roosevelt, 52,595; Debs, 2,005; Swallow, 1,137; Watson, 165.

Ohio — Parker, 344,674; Roosevelt, 600,095; Debs, 36,260; Swallow, 19,339; Corrigan, 2,633; Watson, 1,392.

Oregon—Parker, 17,521; Roosevelt, 60,455; Debs, 7,619; Swallow, 3,806; Watson, 753.

Pennsylvania—Parker, 335,430; Roosevelt, 840,949; Debs, 21,863; Swallow, 33,717; Watson, 2,211.

Rhode Island—Parker, 24,839; Roosevelt, 41,605; Debs, 956; Swallow, 768; Corrigan, 488.

South Carolina—Parker, 52,563; Roosevelt, 2,554; Debs, 21; Watson, 1.

South Dakota—Parker 21,969; Roosevelt, 72,083; Debs, 3,138; Swallow, 2,965; Watson, 1,840.

Tennessee—Parker, 131,653; Roosevelt, 105,369; Debs, 1,354; Swallow, 1,889; Watson, 2,491.

Texas—Parker, 167,200; Roosevelt, 51,242; Debs, 2,791; Swallow, 3,995; Corrigan, 421; Watson, 8,062.

Utah—Parker, 33,413; Roosevelt, 62,446; Debs, 5,767.

Vermont—Parker, 9,777; Roosevelt, 40,459; Debs, 859; Swallow, 792.

Virginia—Parker, 80,648; Roosevelt, 47,880; Debs, 218; Swallow, 1,383; Corrigan, 566; Watson, 359.

Washington—Parker, 28,098; Roosevelt, 101,540; Debs, 10,023; Swallow, 3,229; Corrigan, 1,592; Watson, 669.

West Virginia — Parker, 100,855; Roosevelt, 132,620; Debs, 1,573; Swallow, 4,599; Watson, 88.

Wisconsin—Parker, 134,107; Roosevelt, 280,164; Debs, 28,220; Swallow, 9,770; Corrigan, 223; Watson, 530.

Wyoming—Parker, 8,930; Roosevelt, 20,489; Debs, 1,077; Swallow, 217.

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Will you please tell how old the scientists estimate the earth to be?—W. A. M., Covington, Ind.

Some scholars suppose that the earth is not more than 5,000,000 years old, while others believe that it may be more than 2,000,000,000 years since the earth parted from the sun and began an independent existence. While estimates differ the significant fact is that all those who have given any attention to the study of the earth have come to the conclusion that 100,000,000 years is a conservative estimate, and sufficiently large enough to satisfy the requirements of the astronomers, physicists, etc.

PIN MONEY.

Please give me the origin of the term pin money.—R. R. T., Ozeana, Va.

When pins were first invented they were so expensive that only the wealthy ladies could afford them, and it became customary, when a woman was married, to give her a certain sum of money with which to buy pins. This was known as her pin money. The expression has survived to this day, although it now applies to a woman's spending money in general, as pins are no longer a luxury requiring special appropriation.

LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS.

Will you please given the origin of the custom by which a woman may propose to man during a leap year?—G. B., Abington, Pa.

The custom which ordains that a woman may propose marriage to a man in leap year dates back 700 or 800 years. An act of the Scottish parliament, which was passed in 1228 providing that a woman had the right to ask a man to marry her, and if he refused the request he was required to pay £100 or less, according to his estate. But if he had been betrothed to another woman then he is exempt from this condition. It is doubtful whether the ancient law was ever enforced, but there is evidence to the fact that such a custom was generally recognized as enforcible at stated times, though without the severe penalties attached. One of the light penalties prescribed in case a man refused a woman was that he was required to give her a silk dress, but only on the condition that at the time of making the proposal the woman wore a scarlet petticoat, the lower portion of which must be arranged so as to be visible.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Has anyone ever discovered perpetual motion, or is it possible for anyone to do so?—J. W. J., Benzonia, Mich.

No intelligent man is seeking for perpetual motion, for it is an impossibility. It is an axiom in physics that no force can be created by any human means, and that would be necessary. We can create force into motion through the production of steam and the use of the latter in an engine, but that is all that can be done. There are many people who think that they can invent a motion that will become perpetual, but sensible persons have no such thoughts. If persons who believe in perpetual motion had studied understandingly some good work in natural philosophy they would have saved all their wasted time and energies. Perpetual motion is an utter impossibility and the person is stupid and ignorant who denies this.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA.

Recently The Blade published the number of members of the fraternal organization called the Modern Woodmen of America. Our reference was up to date, though the latest that we possessed. A subscriber who is a member of the organization sends us an official report of the standing of the lodge for the year 1909. At the close of that year there were 1,045,860 beneficial insured members and 37,769 social uninsured members. The number of local camps in good standing was 14,087, and the total paid beneficiaries amounted to $83,265,831.38.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

Please tell all yau can about the planet named Jupiter.—H. I. B., Spencerville, Ind.

Jupiter is the largest member of the planetary system and the fifth in order of distance from the sun, so far as the primary members of the system are concerned. Juriter travels at a mean distance of 475,692,000 miles from the sun. There have been various estimates made on the extent of Jupiter's equatorial diameter, but we may take 85,000 miles as about the right length. The polar diamter is less, as the compression of the planet was approximately estimated as about one fifteenth. Acording to this the polar axis would be about 5,700 miles less than the equatorial diameter. The volume of the planet is about 1,235 times as great as that of the earth, but as the density is only about one-fourth of that of the earth, Jupiter's mass does not exceed the earth's in so considerable a proportion. The planet rotates on its axis in less than 10 hours. The appearance of its disk suggests that the planet is enveloped in a deep, vaporous atmosphere, heavily laden with cloud masses. A series of broad bands or belts, alternately dark and light, and differing in color, lie across the disk, agreeing generally in position with the latitude parallels of the planet. On a close study with the telescope, rounded clouds appear to float in a deep atmosphere, disturbed by terrific winds, calculated as traveling at the rate of 250 miles an hour. This is generally believed to be the effect of a condition of comparatively intense heat in which the planet still exists. In 1879 a bright satellite was discovered by Barnard at the Lick observatory in 1892. This latter satellite is so very faint that it can only be seen with the aid of a very powerful telescope.

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ROSCOE CHEMICAL INSTITUTE, 81 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. E., Oakley, Mich.: There were 13 states in the Union when the constitution was adopted, 92 at the time the Civil War broke out, and at present there are 46 states, with New Mexico and Arizona on their way toward the Union.

H. F., Nelson, Neb.: We cannot give you a descripiton of the boats you mention.

A. B. L., Flora, Ind.: The father of Orville and Wilbur Wright is a bishop of a denomination called the United Brethren in Christ.

J. C. G., Quincy, Mass.: The present congress has passed no law relating to the use of secret service officers.

One Proud Town.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

As Virginia was the mother of Presidents, so Loskport, N. Y., may be considered the daddy of fame. Lockport, it is true, has never furnished a chief magistrate for the country, but after all, it is well. That good town's specialty is the all-around celebrity, and a president might spoil the picture. His dignity would have a tendency to ponderousness. Lockport is glad, therefore, that her distinguished sons who are now scattered to the four winds, do not include a political figure of national importance.

Lockport is to have an old home week this month, when the four winds will all blow in her direction and upon them will ride many notables headed for the family roof-tree.

There will be, for instance, among those present, Chauncey Olcott, the actor, and Charles Rector, the man who made live lobster famous on Broadway, and as many of the Seven Sutherland Sisters as are still in the land of the living, and Charles Hallam Keep, the financier, and a number of others, the celebrities who acknowledge Lockport as the place of their nativity being "too numerous to mention."

Of those who are gone but not forgotten may be mentioned Governor Washington Hunt, Marshall Field, Wilson S. Bissell, Benjamin F. and Daniel Flagler.

The Pacific Codfishers.

Springfield Republican.

The codfish is a sacred bird in this section of the world, and anything that has to do with his ultimate fish-ball destination is of interest at the Sunday breakfast table. We of New England are prone to forget that the fog hung banks off our Atlantic coast are not the playground of Gloucester's claim to world fame, and even if the great African bank is too far away to count commercially, there are other habitats of the progeny of the state house symbol which must be taken into consideration. There is a codfishing fleet in the Pacific, and Boston men have recognized the fact by interesting San Francisco capital in forming a fishing trust to control the catch of the Bering Sea grounds. The little fleets out of Frisco and Seattle have worked under a "gentleman's agreement" as to prices for some years, but bad weather and two poor seasons made cut rate prices popular, and war came to the drying sheds. The proposed combination of the five leading Pacific interests is the result.

THE POPCORN KING

Started in Iowa on Small Scale and Made Fortune.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

A good many persons might be disposed to look upon the industry of popcorn growing as a small business. However, there is a lot of popcorn consumed in these United States, and somebody has to raise it—else the devotees thereof will experience a longfelt want.

These facts were realized a number of years ago by an Iowa man, A. H. Reuber by name, and he set about making a specialty of popcorn. He planted 25 acres to start with, and the result was so satisfactory that he steadily increased the size of his crop from year to year. He acquired more land and planted more popcorn, and found no trouble in disposing of all he could raise at a good price.

Some of Mr. Reuber's neighbors observed that he seemd to be making a good thing out of his venture and they set about trying it on their own account. By that time Reuber had established a reputation as a popcorn grower and was receiving more orders than he could fill. So he bought the crops of his neighbors as they matured.

People kept on getting interested in popcorn until the little town of Odebolt, with a population of only 1,600, claims to be the popcorn center of the world. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were produced within a radius of 15 miles of the town, and more of it is being grown every year. Reuben is popcorn king and Odebolt is headquarters for popcorn.

The average profit of the crop is said to be about $50 to the acre, though there are instances of larger profits being made. One farmer near Odebolt received $3,780 for the output of 40 years and others have done approximately as well. In the meantime Mr. Reuber is handling vast quantities of the grain and is encouraging all his farmer friends to raise more of it, as the demand is constantly increasing. Popcorn has now been introduced in Europe an dthe people over there like it. Foreign orders are piling up at Odebolt, and if the excitement keeps up the whole state of Iowa is likely to catch the infection and go to raising popcorn for the crowned heads, and for the crownless ones at home as well.

The farmer who adopts a specialty and devotes thought and energy to it is a level-headed man and will more than likely reap a reward of his efforts. There is more money in a field of popcorn well tended than in a large volume and variety of products which must needs suffer at times for lack of proper cultivation. To one who would make farming a life vocation there is a good deal in the career of Iowa's popcorn king that may be profitably studied and emulated.

History and Romance.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Now, what do you think of this? Mrs. Charles Henrotin, addressing the Highland Park Women's club at Chicago, said: "Our history has no picturesqueness; it is the most dull and limited history of any great nation and the reason is that woman has been ignored. Woman makes history romantic and interesting. Napoleon inspired the love of women and their admiration, but you cannot say so much of Washington. Compare Josephine and Mrs. Washington and you can see how much the feminine element was emphasized in the former and forgotten in the life of the father of his country."

If this comparison represents her ideal of what history should be, then Americans can be thankful that our history does not meat with her approval. We are willing to let other nations furnish material for the "best sellers" and problem novels while our presidents and statesmen continue to live the lives of decent American citizens. Cleveland's description of the sequence of that White House wedding as "one grand sweet song" is worth more than all the romance of a hundred Napoleonic divorce scandals.

Fishing With Cormorants.

Wide World.

On the banks of the river Ya we saw many Chinese cormorant fishers with their birds, which are very tame and intelligent. When fishing, a piece of grass is first tied round their throats to prevent them from swallowing the fish, and they are afterward turned into the water. The small fish they can easily manage to bring back to the boat, but when they find a large specimen it sometimes needs the cooperation of two or three of the birds to land it safely on their master's boat. In this river the fishermen often catch the great salamander, a huge newt or water-lizard, which sometimes reaches the length of ten to twelve feet, and whose flesh is much appreciated by the Chinese.

The Leek.

From the London Chronicle.

During the past few years some predatory Welshmen have tried to rob St. David of the homely, but wholesome vegetable with which he is associated. They assert that the real emblem of Wales is not the leek, but the daffodil. But the daffodil, outside the Scilly Isles, seldom blossoms so early as St. David's day, while the wild leek grows profusely around the coast of South Wales. From an esthetic point of view the leek is a delightful plant, well worthy of the vegetarian saint, and by no means so malodorous as Pistol calamitously maintained. It was largely upon leeks that the Pharaohs fed the unhappy laborers who built the pyramids. Works of reference erroneously state that the emblem of the principality has received no recognition at court since the reign of George 11. Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, wore a leek at the drawing room which was held on St. David's day in 1882.

PROTEIN FLESH BUILDER.

Protein, so far as foods are concerned, is made up of two classes of substances, albuminoids (proteids) and amides. The amides are found in immature plants and are not so valuable as the higher proteid materials. The albuminoids, which occur in grain, roots and other forms of vegetable foods, are similar in composition to those found in milk, blood and flesh. They are commonly called the "flesh formers," as they are the only materials in the food which the animal can construct into flesh. They are also the source of such materials as hair, wool, hoof, horn, etc. Further, by the combustion of the albuminoids in the body heat and mechanical force are developed, and, under some circumstances, they are split up with the formation of fat.

The Cigaret in Society.

Gentlewoman.

It is difficult to imagine what the next generation will be like if the craze for cigarette smaking goes on increasing at the present rate. Not only young men but even young women seem to find it impossible to exist for more than an hour at the outside without having recourse to whatever is the correct brand of cigaret at the moment. Once or twice lately while the Lenten dance season has been at its height I have strolled into halls at an immense hostelry hard by where hostesses find it convenient to hire a fine suite of rooms and pay a check for something like £1,000, when they could give a dance at home for a quarter of that sum. That, however, as Rudyard Kipling says, is another story. What I wish to remark upon is the craze for smoking which shows itself at these festivities by young couples finding comfortable corners on staircases, in out-of-the-way rooms and balconies, not, as one might expect, for purposes of flirtation but that they may enjoy a cigaret together. And at the hotel in question, if one goes to the restaurant for supper at a private ball, say at 1 a. m., a perfect cloud of smoke greets you as you enter, which very decidedly takes off from the flavor of the excellent wines and viands that are provided. This is all bad enough, but as nothing compared to the seriousness of young men and women smoking cigaret all day as well as all night and rendering themselves, after a few years, nervous and neurotic; perfectly useless to themselves and everybody else.

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"It's the Lord's will," exclaimed the father of Jim Jeffries. Yes, and nature's way.

According to Mr. Ballinger something is radically wrong with every one of his enemies.

By being tied up with the presidency, Mr. Taft is missing all the supreme bench opportunities.

Missouri has a man 83 years old who never took but five baths in his life. His politics not given.

Virginia has put into operation a new anti-cussing law, but none of the causes has been removed.

Millionaire Clarke, of Montana, thinks he can afford another term in the United States senate.

King George is to receive $5,000,000 a year for living expenses. He can have meat twice a day.

Some people pray as if they thought the Lord had nothing to do but listen to a lot of foolish requests.

Somebody claims to have found Dr. Cook's records on Mt. McKinley. Wonder who put them there?

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young seems to be getting along nicely without the assistance of universal suffrage.

There is only one excuse for throwing rice at weddings. The scattered grains make the birds happy.

Jack Johnson is ambitious to become a Chicago alderman. Every great man has some weakness.

Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon look alike to South Dakota Republicans, although they are not twins.

New Mexico and Arizona should read the Oklahoma constitution carefully and then write something different.

The Pittsburg woman who wants all married men to wear a ring does not specify that it must be worn in the nose.

The aviator who fell 800 feet and landed in a field of oats is still living. Good advertisement for breakfast food.

The men who talk most eloquently about going back to the farm never had their ribs caved in by a blow handle.

Up to this writing Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has kicked no insurgents out of the back door of his Sagamore Hill residence.

James J. Hill advises people to save something for a rainy day. As for himself, he has already saved two or three railroads.

Speaking of moving pictures, the fat women are rolling on the sands at Atlantic City to decrease their waist measurement.

Jack Johnson isn't handsome, but the filial affection he has for his old black mammy must make him look pretty sweet to her.

Mr. Bryan says he is now a free lance. Thus he puts himself in a position where he can find fault with everybody and everything.

"The Democrats must fight to win," says Congressman Champ Clark. Champ is fighting at the rate of two or three thousand words a day.

King Manuel, of Portugal, can't find a bride. The young crowned heads will miss King Edward, the most successful matchmaker in Europe.

By drinking seventeen glasses of whisky, one after another, a New Jersey man won a dollar, but it didn't go far toward paying his funeral expenses.

Aunt Carrie Nation has thrown away her hatchet, the weapon that brought her fame. But she has not given up the fight—she still has her tongue.

Forty-five million eggs, produced in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan since April, have gone into cold storage, to remain there until they taste like anything but eggs.

The inventor of the hoopskirt, who died not long since, was kindly treated by Providence. Had he lived until that hobble thing arrived he might have suffered much pain.

Harry Thurston Peck says President Butler of Columbia is the biggest liar in the world. That is a strong statement. There are some pretty big liars in the world.

English suffragettes have won a point. The enfranchisement bill will be debated in the house of commons. But it is still probable that more bricks will have to be thrown before the women get what they want.

GUARDING AGAINST WATERED STOCK.

A railroad in Maine, the history of which is recited by the Wall Street Journal, has proved one of the most wonderful developers of wealth. Through its indirect influence taxable property not belonging to it has increased $40,000,000 since 1891. Farms along its right of way raised 46,000 bushels of potatoes for shipment 14 years ago. In the year ending June 30, 1909, this line carried 362,000 tons of potatoes. The road has no record of jobbing or crooked dealings with the legislature. The Journal asks: "Is the federal government to tell this road that it is not qualified to decide on the methods of capitalizing further urgently needed extensions?"

The answer is, of course, that the federal government should not interfere in such a case. If all the railroads were of the character of the Bangor & Aroostook company, there would be no problem of overcapitalization to trouble the country. Calvin Brice once asked a board of directors what they thought a railroad was for and when they started to explain from an economic standpoint interrupted, "Nonsense, a railroad is made to sell." That is the view which the financial leaders have taken—to sell at the very highest profit. It was they who made the difficulties over watered stock and because of them the federal government must supervise these corporations, must attempt to keep rates below what the "traffic will stand," must ask congress for authority to approve or prevent the issue of securities. The idea of the court of commerce was not suggested to the President by such instances as the Pennsylvania railroad, but by such as the Alton.

There is complaint that the federal rain is falling alike upon the just and the unjust. It is doing quite the contrary. It will, in time, prove an impregnable shield for the properly conducted company against the perils which the railroad made to sell introduces into the industry.

TAFT AND THE SUPREME BENCH

Three justices of the supreme court of the United States will have been named by President Taft when a successor is chosen for Chief Justice Fuller. A fourth may be selected shortly should Justice Moody decide to avail himself of the act of congress which grants him retirement upon full pay.

One of the criticisms of the appointment of Justice Lurton related to his advanced age. It has been thought, and quite justly, that there was a crying need for younger men upon the supreme bench. In choosing Governor Hughes to take the seat of Justice Brewer the President was no doubt influenced in part by a recognition of that need. For the other two appointments Mr. Taft may be expected to lower appreciably the average age, which in spite of Governor Hughes' fewer years, is still high. Justice Harlan is 77 years old; Justice White, 64; Justice Peckham, 71; Justice Holmes, 69; Justice Day, 61, and Justice McKenna will be 67 in August.

The selections made by Mr. Taft will have an extremely important bearing upon the character of the decisions of the supreme court. If death should knock again within the next two years the Taft appointees will be in the majority.

ENTITLED TO THE PRIZE.

The man of whom it was first said that he would steal the nickels from a dead man's eyes was surely a New York politician.

Mayor Gaynor has recently been snooping around in the labyrinth of graft. Among the practices which came to his knowledge was that bootblacks were bled by aldermen and district leaders. To gain a permit to erect a stand upon the sidewalk, a bootblack would pay from $5 to $500, the money not going to the city treasury, but to the pockets of the small politicians. An old woman who owned a news stall applied for the renewal of her license. She was unable to obtain it unless she paid the captain of the district the sum of $250.

The grafter of whom O. Henry wrote robbed farmers, Pittsburg millionaires and investors who couldn't resist the appeal of 3,000 per cent. What a gentleman he was, compared with the New York politician!

FOREST FIRES.

Before pronouncing the forest fires criminal waste it would be best to identify the criminal.

It may be a careless camper, one who is both ignorant and thoughtless. It may be a lumberman who has left sawdust piled where, if spontaneous combustion were generated, the fire would communicate to the trees about. It may be that a locomotive is responsible, or lightning, or, as a scientist or two has declared, the rays of the sun by some chance brought to concentration upon ignitable material.

The waste is plain and the need of a system of guarding against it quite as much so. The government requires all who cut timber under contract in the forest reserves to clear away the underbrush and to carry off the unutilized products of their lumbering. Wide gaps are cut in the forests in order that fires started upon either side of the line will stop there. Rangers ride daily upon inspection trips and when a dry season brings the menace of fire their forces are increased and their activities doubled.

If the government finds it worth while to guard the public property so well it is strange that private interests can afford not to take any such means of protecting their timber and land. It is to be explained only by the weakness of many to save at the spigot and waste at the bunghole.

THE LAW OF PRAYER.

The courts of Illinois have been asked to adjudge the rights of a man who does not care to be prayed for. He does not question the efficacy of prayer, and is, indeed, a church member in standing, at least of a sort. But he objects to being named specifically in the appeals. He considers that a request in his favor is an intrusion upon his private affairs. He demands that the law pronounce libelous and malicious a prayer sent up for his benefit. And damages are asked for.

The courts which have decided that oysters are wild beasts, and a building must contain machinery and have a chimney in order to constitute a factory, will possibly have no trouble in fixing that boundary which marks off a formal item in worship on one side and slander upon the other. That sort of thing is what the bench and the juries are for. As for the rest of us, we would be vastly puzzled by the fine balance of distinctions. "Make Brother Jones a good man," doesn't please Brother Jones, since it indicates that he isn't as good as he might be, but yet the minister would be carrying out his duties by his congregation. "Give Brother Brown the light of righteousness," might mortally offend Brother Brown and still leave him indebted for a benefit wished him.

In public prayer it is safest to generalize, but there certainly are instances where to do so would be cowardly.

A FIGHTER AMONG THE TRUSTS.

Mr. George Westinghouse is in another fight. He and the chairman of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. board of directors have come about as close to fisticuffs as financial men, proverbially out of training, ever come. The entire board, with the exception of Westinghouse himself, is supporting the chairman. But that, of course, does not worry his opponent. Rather, it puts him upon edge, gives backing to his determination to win, fires anew that vigor and courage which took him over every obstacle and every bit of trickery to a seat among the captains of industry.

We do not know the merits of the present conflict. And we care very little. But amusement and encouragement are to be discovered in the instance of a man employing the old-fashioned weapons against the deadly modern forces of the trust rulers. He refuses to lie down when the board room steam roller is steered in his direction. He considers that the judgment which builded up a great company upon the efficiency of a few inventions is mightier than the combined judgment of directors whose thought runs to dividends, not to the betterment of electrical appliances. Westinghouse may be wrong, but wrong with an imperious air that is likeable.

WHERE GAME MULTIPLIES.

After many years in which the disappearance of the game was lamented in America, there is a turn in the form of the story. A Wyoming game warden has made an inspection of the reserved tracts within that state and he declares elk are now become almost too plentiful. Antelope have multiplied under the protection afforded them, though it is not long since they were upon the brink of extinction. There are mountain sheep and mountain goats until they encumber the earth and encroach upon the grazing lands of cattle raisers. Where once it was a problem to save there is today a problem to provide shelter and provender.

We know something of optimistic game wardens in Ohio, the kind that can see game in woods which haven't a snail within a mile of them and report fish present in streams where you must first skim the oil off to breed the larva of a mosquito. But making due allowance for the hopeful gleam in the eyes of the Wyoming game warden his news is good news. It gives a hint of the possibility of game reserves. Protected mammals multiply rapidly. So also might quail and duck, geese and swans. Twelve birds once common in this part of Ohio are now listed among the records of ornithologists as extinct. Those which remain can be saved.

AN OLD COMPLAINT.

Jerome B. Burrows, president of the Ohio State Bar association, is quoted as saying:

The teacher, the doctor, the dentist, and even the plumber must qualify and pass an examination before he is permited to go to work, but almost any person with a little pull can get a seat in the general assembly.

Gladstone once complained of the little training that England exacted of her lawmakers. Anyone who could persuade men to give him their votes was considered a perfectly fit member of parliament.

The mediocrity of legislative bodies is an ancient story. The average intelligence in congress when those giants Webster and Clay were in Washington wasn't very high. But the republic hasn't suffered greatly, possibly it has benefited, because the law-making institutions were not made up exclusively of mental heavyweights. There are no other such practiced law-makers in America as Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon. They could surely pass any examination which the bar associations could prepare. But the country does not look to these men for good and wise laws. It does anything save depend upon them or place confidence in them. Instead, the country looks for the best legislation available to younger citizens, some of them scarcely tried and others with no other equipment except a rigid set of unselfish principles.

Law-making ability is found strongest among those whom the high-trained and long-experienced lawyer would pronounce commonplace. The reason may be because these men represent the average. And it is the average for whom the laws are written.

VEGETARIANISM AHEAD.

J. Ogden Armour declares that the meat exporting industry to Europe is dead. South America has won that market.

The United States cannot compete with advantage with the countries south of the equator. Cattle conditions there are as they were in the west twenty-five years ago. As a cattle producer South America is rapidly outdistancing the United States.

Where once the cattle fed upon buffalo grass there are fields of wheat. Where they wandered over a vast agreage for the meagre food in bunch grass there are orchards growing and irrigating ditches are giving life and largeness to potatoes and putting sweetness into melons. Upon one of the big plateaus of the old cattle range the ground is now heaped up with the refuse of miners. This is the cattle west that was—and certainly it is better off. We need not lament the change, although meat is high. But what of Europe when the hordes of immigrants, now going south of the equator in search of homes have spread out over the cattle country? Vegetarians will be made perforce, not per choice.

AIRSHIPS AND THE ARMIES.

A sinister suggestion was that of a cartoon of the New York World. It pictured a swarm of aeroplanes dropping bombs upon battleships, for once weaklings and fleeing. The line was as grim as the picture. It was, "How Soon?"

Following the war with Spain there was a short period in which many writers indulged at the same time a taste for speculation as to things military and met the demands of a market hungry for any discussion of the subject. There was one prophecy which was developed out of the experiences of the war that appeared at the time singularly reasonable. War, it was pointed out, had become an immensely cumbersome process for settling quarrels among the nations. Immense armies were organized in order that a fractional part of them might meet and fight it out. As a preliminary to, or a step in the evolution toward world-wide peace, the nations would do away with the reserves which did not themselves get into the conflict directly, serving only to bolster the chosen warriors. The armies to be would consist of picked men, each soldier highly skilled, testified in courage, resourceful and physically enduring. As in the Middle Ages minor differences were occasionally settled by jousts between knights, so in the wars to come the great disputes would be brought to the point of treaty-making, concessions and indemnities by the small armies, professional champions of causes.

The airship and the flying machine have appeared since the publication of that most plausible forecast. Their effectiveness has been tested. In Germany the airship has been developed to that point where England, in a moment of hysteria, beheld mysterious travelers in the clouds of night and waited in dread for the explosion of shells about St. Paul's. In America Mr. Roy Knabenshue showed that an aeronaut could maneuver a dirigible balloon over a city and drop missiles with fairly certain results. Recently Mr. Glenn Curtiss carried out experiments for the navy along the same lines and out of those trials, successful to a high degree, was born the idea of the artist of the New York World.

Where do the post Spanish war and the cartoonist's prophecies conflict? The one imagines; in brief, two small armies in the field, each possibly organized to about the same strength numerically, each within constant touch of the other and each untroubled by fear of surprises in the rear that could not be met or anticipated. But the aeroplane is the most marvelous agent for surprise that has ever been brought to the aid of soldiers. It is a terrible weapon for disorganization. Brought to the mechanical perfection now enjoyed by the automobile, made a vehicle to be depended upon, to be confident with, it can swoop down not only an navies and armies, but make sudden invasions upon a peacful countryside, or wake a sleeping city to wild and maddening panic.

At this juncture the natural thought is: The small, picked armies will be done away with as the large ones will be. The battles will be fought out between the airships and the aeroplanes of each contending side. But there is one thing which the aerial fleets cannot do. They cannot hold that which tey might be able to seize.

Mr. Herbert G. Wells has builded a novel, a crisis of which deals with exactly that weakness of a conquering squadron of Zeppelins. A German airship fleet drops down upon New York city. After showing his power for disaster the commander calls upon the city to surrender. The mayor, supported by his official family, promptly concedes. He is helpless. He can do nothing except his best to save the lives threatened. But the mayor is not all the city. He is but a servant of the people and patriots will arise who, in the absence of an overpowering and all prevading military, will do rash things. Read what they did in the fiction of Mr. Wells:

Overnight there had been a gun placed in Union Square. It had never been mounted, much less fired, and in the darkness after the surrender it had been taken with its supplies and put out of the way under the arches of the great Dexter building. Here late in the morning it was remarked by a number of patriotic spirits. They set to work to hoist and mount it inside the upper floors of the place. They made, in fact, a masked battery behind the decorous office blinds, and there lay in wait as simply excited as children until at last the stem of the luckless Wetterhorn appeared over the pinnacles of Tiffany's. Promptly that one-gun battery unmasked. The airship's lookout man must have seen the whole of the tenth story of the Dexter building crumble out and smash in the street below to discover the black muzzle looking out from the shadows behind. Then perhaps the shell hit him.

The gun fired two shells before the frame of the Dexter building collapsed, and each shell raked the Wetterhorn from stem to stern. They smashed her exhaustively. She crumpled up like a can that had been kicked by a heavy boot.

Two choices must be left the war-like nations. They must either destroy cruelly whatever they take by aerial forces or they must have great armies capable of holding, subduing and intimidating absolutely. The one would be unspeakable even for so heartless a thing as war.

The big armies and navies, numbering their hundreds of thousands and, for a few countries, their millions, must remain the consideration of military evolutionists. The invention of flying has shattered the idea of championing causes with the few.

A STUDY OF INEFFCIENCY.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad Co., having decided to develop its opportunities in the ore carrying trade, proceeds about it with dispatch. Land is bought, plans are made, the surveyors are on the spot with their instruments, and the beat of the pile-driver is heard almost before one has ceased to wonder where it is that the ore is destined.

There is very little head-scratching and lip-pursing in the engineering profession today. Those processes indicate uncertainties and the search for ideas. But there is no time nowadays for that. The engineer in charge gets his appropriation and leaps into the midst of the work. At the docks under construction the sand is pumped in and the harbor for the boats made simultaneously. While the sand is still wet tracks are placed, and, where, a few days before, the river was flowing, locomotives are steaming over rails, gangs of men and horses are leveling off the mud and the concrete foundations for the ore handling machinery are being laid. Soon the gaunt skeleton of the cranes will be mounted, the iron workers succeeding the steam shovel experts and those who follow the trade of concrete laying. Step by step, but with speed, without hesitancy, with daring and resourcefulness, the structure is builded. The engineer and his horde of workmen will be just as busy upon another job next spring.

There is a tremendous number of enterprises to be carried out for nation, states and cities, but we all know they will come to completion only after long discussion, alterations, litigation, sickening delays, botching of contracts, and possibly stealing and scandal. When is the business of government going to take the hint of efficiency which can be had daily in the engineering works of private capital?

THE CHARLTON CASE AND ITALY.

It is hard to believe that the state department has made the extradition of Porter Charlton conditional upon Italy turning criminal refugees from this country over for punishment. Many rumors have been given birth from the delays in the proceedings in this case, most of them of an impossible character, and it may be that this latest statement is only a part of the conjectures of reporters and of the lawyers working in Charlton's behalf.

Italy has taken the ground that it was her duty to punish such citizens who come in conflict with the laws abroad. It is one way of phrasing protection afforded to wrong-doers. Because of the crimes committed by the Black Hand bands, the United States has been extremely anxious to break down the Italian custom. The flight of Porter Charlton may have been used by the state department to show the Italian authorities how unjust their practice was. Possibly there was just the hint of a threat. But we have our own customs to observe, our own traditions to live up to. We have always surrendered those who have committed murder in foreign lands, and, however much there is resentment against Italy, Washington is hardly likely to let this young beast loose, and establish a new and dangerous precedent.

GOVERNOR HARMON'S DUTY.

Governor Harmon's duty in the Newark affair is too plain to admit of argument. The mere removal of the law defying officials of the disgraced city will not suffice. They must be punished to the limit of the law and with them must suffer the murderous ruffians who led the mob.

There is no question of politics—no alignment of "wets" and "drys" in the matter now. The liquor dealers of Ohio whose only hope lies in law observance, will be found just as anxious for the punishment of the guilty as will the officers and adherents of the Anti-Saloon league. The so-called "liberal" element in the state will sense the gravity of the situation and the peril to their cause and will be as eager for the cleaning up of Newark as the most ardent prohibitionist.

The governor is, of course, in an embarrassing position for a politician of his timid character. Elected by the liquor interests, he has alienated much of their affection by his weak and wobbly attitude. Opposed by the Anti-Saloon league, he has made little progress in his timorous efforts to win back their support. His attitude on the liquor question has satisfied neither side. Nobody loves a trimmer. But he faces an opportunity now to earn the good will of all Ohio. Nothing he can do will remove the suspicion that his weakness and political timidity had much to do with the conditions which led to the Newark tragedy. A strong man in the executive office would have ended the anarchy in that town long ago. But he can win back to himself much of his lost ground if he will but play the man rather than the candidate in the present crisis.

The cowardly and lawless officials at Newark should be and, of course, will be removed at once, pending an investigation. And following that they will be tried and punished along with dozens of men who participated in Friday night's bloody work—provided the governor so wills it. He, and he alone, can force quick and sure justice. Governor Harmon's speedy return to the state gives promise of his intent to deal rigorously with the situation. All Ohio will hope that he will not fail of his WHOLE duty in this hour of the commonwealth's disgrace.

Dr. Melchers, German biologist, says each race of apes is represented in man. Some are of the gorilla type, others are descended from chimpanzees, the orang-outang has his representatives, and the gibboon ape has added a special type. If the doctor is right the idea that we're brothers is wrong.

In order to inherit a $250,000 estate a Chicago boy of 12 must finish high school at 15, Harvard at 18 and law in six months. He won't have much time to go in swimming.

George V. is drawing a bigger salary than his father ever drew. Which, for a man who had no previous experience in the king business, is doing pretty well.

Pessimism is that uncomfortable feeling that makes us believe that our bad dreams will come true and the good ones won't.

Champ Clark says he will be speaker of the next congress. Champ talks like a prize fighter on the eve of battle.

Some fine afternoon, when the wind is in the right direction, Walter Wellman is going to fly across the ocean.

"All roads lead to Oyster Bay," says one Ohio paper. And the insurgents seem to like the wayside scenery.

Bleached flour has been condemned. Bleached hair will continue to be a question of taste.

Nobody ever kept cool by discussing hot weather.

Though most entertainments in London are getting more elaborate and extravagant owing, as many think, to the invasion of rich Americans, weddings are simpler than ever. It is no longer considered good form to make a lavish display at a wedding, as it is well known that both the queen and queen mother disapprove of ostentation at such ceremonies.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE SOUL CRISIS OF THE CHRIST

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 17 Is "Peter's Confession," Matt. 16:13-28.

By William T. Ellis.

The person who finds life stale and mechanical and uninteresting, if such there be, would do well to journey to the nearest metropolitan railway station, or to a steamship pier on sailing day. He would find his indifference strangely stirred by the manifest tragedies of farewells, partings and sundered lives. The heart-break of these last words and last embraces appeals to the most stolid. Life is full of these vital leave-takings.

Jesus had come to one of them in the passage which the Sunday schools now are studying. This experience of Peter's confession and of the transfiguration, which will be considered next week, have been called "The Passion of the North." The great-souled Christ underwent crises beneath the shadow of snow-capped Hermon. Then he faced in all its vivid and inexorable reality, the fact of the cross. In his agony of spirit he shared his burden with his friends and leaned upon them for comfort in a fashion that make the humanness of Jesus nigh to us all. His hunger for appreciation and his grateful acknowledgement of Peter's insight are close kin to the experiences of all sensitive souls.

"They Say."

"They say" so many things that "they" may often be disregarded. Not always, though, even Jesus was solicitious about public opinion. He kept himself aware of the real thought of his time, as every leader must do. "Who do men say that the Son of Man is?" he asked His cabinet, in confidential session. The answer—that He was John the Baptist, or Elijah, or another prophet—showed how public opinion may be mistaken. Commonly we judge men at less than their real value. On the whole our leaders are probably credited below the worth of their best selves. Jesus was more than even His most sanguine adherents believed Him to be.

"It doesn't matter what one thinks," runs the loose remark. Quite the contrary; on every subject of importance it does matter tremendously, and most of all what one thinks of Christ. The statement may be made in all boldness that Jesus Christ is today the world's most divine issue; and what men think of Him is of tremendously greater concern than what they think of socialism or the tariff or the labor question or the race question or the trust question, or anything else.

Thoughtful persons will not miss the meaning of the fact that North America's most cosmopolitan convention was that which brought the world's Sunday school workers together a few weeks ago in Washington. Even more meaningful was the epochal gathering in Edinburgh last month, when the captains of the kingdom of heaven gathered from the remotest corners of the earth, in the greatest church council ever held since men began to date their calendars "A. D." And both of these great conventions had the personality and love of Jesus for their central thought. We can almost hear today's wonderful answer, echoing from the whole world, to that repeated question, "Who say ye that I am?"

Impulse's Clear Sight.

Do business, if you must, with the cold, careful, calculating man; but for a friend seek out the fervid, enthusiastic, impulsive one. Philip might do for the secretary of the cabinet of Jesus, but Peter was its militant moving spirit. The warm heart often sees more clearly than the deliberate mind, for truest vision belongs to love. Peter stumbled, you say? Yes, but he also gloriously stood. The heart like his may have moods, but the lonely and love-hungry know how comfortable it is to lean upon.

It is sweet to the ear of the burdened and soul-wrought Teacher to hear Peter's swift, sure answer, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter was a Jew, and he knew full well the portent of this confession, though the significance is nearly lost upon us who have always esteemed the words Jesus and Christ as synonymous. Clear as a bullet's song rang Peter's declaration; he bore witness that he believed this man with whom he had traveled more than two years to be more than man, and none other than the long-expected Messiah of the race. Would that all of the disciples of the Nazarene in our own day had Peter's clear faith.

The Comfort for a Lecturer.

Only the teacher who catches the flash of genius and understanding in the eye of one cut out of many commonplace pupils can appreciate the thrill which shot through the heart of Jesus at these words of Peter. He had been sad, lonely and misunderstood. The burden of Calvary rested heavily upon His heart. The solitary way which He had walked had wearied Him sorely. But to be understood by a friend that is comfort indeed. It is good to recall that the Peter of comprehending sympathy is more common than in our discouragement we had realized.

The inventor's "Eureka" is no more jubilant than the realization by Jesus that His disciples—at least in person of their leader—had grasped the true significance of His mission. Up to this point He had been leading them. For this purpose He had opened His heart. This tremendous force they could be ready to carry on the work which in a few months He was to lay on their shoulders.

In his exultation, the Master reminded Himself and His friends that this revelation had come from the Father in heaven. He never lost His confidence in the co-working of God. The witness-bearing had been by the Father to Peter before it was given by Peter to the Son. No spiritual truth is ever discerned, except by divinely—imparted insight.

The Bed-Rock Confession.

The bed-rock of witness-bearing is the foundation upon which, next to the Chief Cornerstone, the Christian church is built. "Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so," is the one sufficient program for the propagation of the evangel. The free utterance of the saved, saves the world. Is it any wonder that Jesus called Peter's confession a rock-foundation and Peter himself one of the foundation stones?

Well says Dr. C. E. Jefferson: "Our cities are crying for rock Christians. Of gentle Christians, and kind-hearted Christians we have abundance. Christians should stand like rock amid the seas which surge and roar. Like rock they should stand around the Lord's day, beating back the social and industrial forces which are rolling in like a flood. Nothing but rock will save New York and Chicago, Boston and San Francisco from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Shared Sorrow.

The chief magistrate's cabinet understand the plans which are not revealed to the public. Unto you it is given to know," said the leader to His little company of intimate friends. In this solemn retreat in Caesrea Philippi he shared with them His deepest feelings. A sorrow shared is halved. So the Lord told the twelve how He must go down into the midst of His enemies in Jerusalem, be procured by the ecclesiastics, be crucified, and then, on the third day, be raised again.

This program was too much for Peter. His comprehension did not yet run this far; he could not conceive of the Sorrowful Way as the path to victory. So he came short of helping his Master to be His best. Therein friendship commonly fails of its highest office. Many a man is spoiled because he listens to the entreaties of loved ones who, in misguided tenderness, counsel the lot of commonplace comfort rather than that of hard service and bitter sacrifice. The wise friend, be that friend mother, wife or comrade, will spur a loved one on to noblest endeavor, whatever the hardship involved. At its best friendship always is somewhat Spartan in character.

"In Hoc Signo."

Scholars who have traced ancient symbols back toward their beginnings say that the cross, in one form or another, is the oldest of all symbols. That it is today the commonest is because Jesus laid down the principle, in this conversation and elsewhere, that the mark of discipleship for all who follow Him is a cross; and that the law of self-sacrifice is the first principle of His kingdom.

That is what "taking up one's cross" means. Every petty, trivial difficulty is not necessarily a cross. The cross is the life-law of self-denial. It means, Christ-fashion, the crucifixion of self. It puts the world and the word first and self last. They who live to please themselves constitute one great group in human society; and they who live to please God constitute another. The latter, let it be said, learn the secret of conquest which Jesus possessed. By losing life we gain it. Yonder sits a woman who has spent two decades in China. She has passed through the fires of the Boxer persecutions, and the ordeal of separation from family and children. In the world's speech she has "thrown her life away." Actually, she has won a character of strength and beauty which makes her shine amid the full hundred other women who are on the same ship with her at the moment. There are a dozen young women here who would give everything to possess her charm and dignity and poise and sweetness; it came by the Christ law: "Whosover would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it." Well do we mark the emblem of the Redeemer's vicarious sacrifice, "In hoc signo vinces."

One Thing You Can't Do.

You can laugh when trouble hits you,
You can smile when clouds appear,
You can grin when worry "gits you,"
And when disappointment's near;
You can laugh when rain is falling,
If you are a cheerful soul,
But you cannot do much laughing
When the boat begins to roll.

You can bear up under sorrow,
You can calmly shoulder woe,
And perhaps no sign of anguish
Will your visage ever show;
You may hide all signs of weakness,
Though your hopes are in the ditch;
But you cannot hide your feelings
When the boat begins to pitch.

Let the cheer-up poets tell you
To preserve a cheerful face,
And to smile at all your troubles,
And to never show a trace
Of the petty griefs that fret you;
But you'll lose your self-control,
And you will not smile, I'll bet you,
When the boat begins to roll.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Edge of Things

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A St. Louisan, who makes a specialty of Ozark stories, tells this one of an old colonel who went down into Arkansas a great deal when the railroads were building through there to Texas.

He was a sweet tempered man, and what he thought of Arkansas he was not soft to remark. One day he was particularly abusing the State, its mosquitoes, bugs and myriad pests. It was a little too strong for the natives, and one of them retorted:

"Don't see why yuh cain't stand it. We live down hyar all right."

"Do you call it livin' down here all right to set aroun' an' slap bugs all day?" the colonel retorted.

"Don't slap bugs all day," the native answered.

"Yes, you do, too." I'll bet $5 you can't set there where you are five minutes with your hands folded in your lap."

It was a bet, and the colonel moved around behind the native as that worthy undertook the ordeal. There were a few bugs of one kind and another, but the colonel placed his reliance upon something that was easier calculated to make an impression.

Standing where his adversary could not observe him, he took a small sun glass from his pocket and focussed its beams upon the back of the native's neck. It was not very long until the red hair on the neck began to curl up and smoke, and after two minutes and a half the yellow skin began to squirm. The native gritted his teeth and stood it for three minutes and a half. Then he spoke:

"Colonel," he said, "Ah don' want to seem to hedge on this bet, but Ah'll compromise right now for two dollars an' a half if you'll let me brush that bald-tailed hornet off'n the back o' my neck."

Chicago Tribune.

"I do think," said Mrs. McGoozle, "my husband is the most persistently argumentative man I ever saw. He'll controvert any proposition, no matter what it is. This morning, while we were waiting on a platform of one of the elevated railway stations for a train, he saw the sign 'Out of order' on one of those chewing gum slot machines.

"'I'm willing to bet a cent it isn't out of order,' he said.

"And he dropped a coin in the slot. He didn't get any stick of gum, and he didn't get his money back.

"'There,' I said. 'I hope you're satisfied now.'

"'That doesn't prove anything, Alvira,' he grunted. 'The machine isn't out of order; it's built that way on purpose.'

"But that's Lysander all over."

London Telegraph.

At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Berkshire, when the minister said in solemn tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" Instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered:

"Ot will."

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered:

"Ot will."

Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said:

"'Er be deaf. Ot be answerin' for 'er."

Lippincott's.

A Long Island man was holding forth with respect to the "borrowing habit" so common in suburban communities, when he was reminded of the following instance:

A writer of miscellaneous matter, being just then engaged on an article on pessimistic literature, learned that one authority he wished to consult—Edward von Hartmann—was to be found in the library of a lawyer of the place. Accordingly, the writer repaired to the lawyer's house and asked the loan of the volume.

"You are entirely welcome to it," said the owner, "but you mustn't take it from my library. I'm sorry, but I've lost so many books through lending them that a year ago I registered a solemn vow never to let another volume leave my house."

The writer thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not avail himself of the privilege extended him.

Some time later the lawyer came to the writer and asked to borrow his lawn mower.

"I am delighted to lend you my lawn mower," said the writer, "though it is my rule never to permit it to leave my lawn. There, however, you may use it to your heart's content."

Salt Lake Herald.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy, named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked:

"Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ranse?"

"Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."

"That's good, Ranse; and I hope they succeeded."

"They did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be honest?"

"Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nailin pasteboard onter shoes fo' leather soles, sah."

Varieties

Pope Pius X is 75 years old.

Street letter boxes were first erected in March, 1855.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The rat's tail has more muscles than the human hand.

Scotland has a system of eight banks with 12,000 branches.

New Brunswick has about 8,000,000 acres of fir, spruce and pine.

Electric heat is now being used successfully in operating on cancers.

The General Electric Co. is planning to build the largest generator in the world.

The General Electric Co. now employs 30,000 men, the largest number in its history.

It cost New York city $48 for witnesses in condemning one cemetery claim valued at $35.

An English physician has placed on record a case of malaria which remained latent for 13 years.

The number of books produced in this country in 1908 was 9,254, which was not the high-water mark.

In 1908 nearly 60 per cent of persons convicted and imprisoned in England had been previously convicted.

The University of Paris and the Pasteur Institute will jointly conduct a laboratory or radio-activity in that city.

Of the 25,000 odd persons employed in government shipbuilding yards of the United Kingdom about 280 are women.

Korea produces about $1,350,000 worth of tobacco each year, by primitive methods which the Japanese are expected to improve.

This year Siberia will export 61,339 tons of butter, against 63,000 tons in 1908. Germany, England and Denmark are the best customers.

Sixty per cent of the patents granted yearly in this country are worthless. Nearly 90 per cent of the electrical patents are practical.

Plans are well under way for the erection of an Evangelical Lutheran university at St. Louis, to cost $1,000,000. It will be opened by 1917.

Hutchinson, Kas., had a special election the other day and blew a big steam whistle every hour to remind the voters. It blew out a big vote.

Prince George of Servia has obtained from his father an increase on the $30 a day which he declared an insufficient allowance for traveling abroad.

Two years ago the Hudson river was crossed at New York by ferries and now the tunnels are carrying at the rate of 50,000,000 passengers yearly.

The education of each officer in the Russian military schools cost $1,320, compared with the German average of $975 and the Austrian average of $1,333.

In the 30 years, 1878 to 1908, the yearly expenditure for public schools in the United States grew from $79,000,000 to $371,000,000, a nearly fivefold increase.

The cow tree is found in the mountains of South and Central America, and is an evergreen. Its sap resembles milk and flows from wounds made in the bark.

The Bank of England does not divide its profits directly with the government, but the amounts paid for taxes, franchises, etc., reach annually to about $1,200,000.

Rubies, opals, crystalized quartz, onyx, talc, gypsum and earth suitable for making porcelain have been found in the sparsely peopled territory of Los Andes, Argentina.

A few banks in Germany have retained their right of note issue given them in 1875, but their outstanding notes amount to only about 3½ per cent of the total note issue.

Motorists are asked by the Royal British Automobile club to forward to the secretary photographs of and information regarding unauthorized reduced speed-limit signs.

The Austrians are reputed to use a higher average quality of tea than any other people in the world, except, perhaps, the Russians, and to prepare it with more intelligence.

Beginning about the 1st of July, travelers can make the trip from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso in about 35 hours through the trans-Andean tunnel. The first-class fare is $68.13.

The governor and two deputy governors of the Bank of France are appointed by the chief of state. The general policy of the Bank of France is directed by the governor of the bank.

The German government pays damages to those injured on the state owned and operated railroads. Last year these satisfactions amounted to more than $1,400,000, or 4 per cent on $35,000,000.

Garrick's villa on the bank of the Thames at Hampton, on sale at the Mart recently, was bought in for $48,000. The famous actor took the villa in 1754, and resided there for 25 years.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are hewed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

The ease with which an electric motor of large horse power can be handled and controlled makes the electrically operated dredge most desirable for river and harbor work as well as for placer mining.

Arizona has a mining output averaging about $58,000,000 a year, imports and exports (port of Nogales) of about $

BEVERIDGE GETS AID

Roosevelt Says He'll Go to Indiana to Speak for Insurgent Senator.

Oyster Bay, July 8.—One more "O. Roosevelt" was announced at Sagamore Hill yesterday when Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, a leading insurgent, departed with assurances of Col. Roosevelt of his support in his coming fight for re-election.

Mr. Beveridge departed content and smiling, but he left it for the colonel to make announcement of the proposed campaign speech in the senator's behalf. And this is what Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Mr. Foulke and Mr. Swift came to Sagamore Hill last night and spent the night here. They came to request me to go to Indiana and speak in behalf of Senator Beveridge. I promised them that I would."

He added that he had agreed to make only one speech for the senator and so far as is now known he will make only one. The time and place for this speech have not been fixed.

Still Feeling His Way.

Those who have followed the political conferences at Oyster Bay since Theodore Roosevelt's return, share the belief that he has cautiously been feeling his way in his attitude toward the administration and the insurgents, but today's incidents are considered the most important yet developed. Senator Beveridge is making a fight for re-election as an insurgent. He is opposed by John W. Kern, who ran with Bryan in the last campaign.

In his fight the senator is placing himself squarely against President Taft in so far as the tariff law figures. The law which the President has defended as the best tariff measure ever, is denounced without equivocation by the senator; and the same Republican state convention which indorsed Beveridge for another term actually repudiates the law. In the latter Mr. Beveridge fought the bill from the last, and then voted against it. It is pointed out, however, that with this exception President Taft and the senator from Indiana have been pulling together so far as administration policies are concerned.

Won't Discuss Politics.

After the arrangements had been made by his two friends Senator Beveridge arrived here at noon and held a long conference with Col. Roosevelt. The y acted like schoolboy chums, but neither would make any statement regarding their conversation. It is understood they went over the political situation with especial reference to the stand that had been taken by the insurgents and their probable political strength throughout the country.

Sagamore Hill was fairly swarming all day with men of various political persuasions. They came by train and by automobile. They talked politics all day long, but as they left when they were unanimously reticent when asked to tell what they knew. Consequently Oyster Bay is enveloped in an atmosphere of deep mystery.

Others Were There.

Besides the three Indiana men there came from New Hampshire—Winston Churchill, the novelist; John Hays, war correspondent, and his brother, Robert R. Bass, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. New York state was represented by Representative Hamilton Fish and James R. Sheffield. From Montana there was United States Senator Thomas H. Carter.

Colonel Roosevelt appeared to be well pleased with the result of the day's work of talking politics, which began almost as soon as he was up and lasted well through the afternoon. The interviewers, however, he would tell little concerning the conferences, except that he had promised to make a speech for Senator Beveridge. It was those who sought to interpret the day as a general insurgent rally looking toward the shaping of Colonel Roosevelt's future attitude were left in the dark. And as an indication that this was not the case there was the presence of Senator Carter, a man who in the past steadily has opposed insurgency.

TOO MUCH NAGGING IS ENOUGH

Wife Stands It 28 Years and Then Asks for Divorce.

Denver, July 11.—"I was unable to put up with him any longer," said Mrs. Emma R. Althoff, of 1159 Race street, who has separated from William F. Althoff and has brought suit for divorce in the district court. At the same time she has had her husband arrested and placed under a $2,000 bond to prevent him from leaving the state. She has suffered, she declares, for more than 28 years, because of her husband's constant complaints against expenditures for household necessities, and has been humiliated, she alleges, times without number by his rebukes before visitors and the servants for extravagance.

Althoff is the head of the Althoff Manufacturing Co., 1409-1415 Wazee street. He and his wife have been residents of Denver for nearly 25 years.

Mrs. Althoff alleges her husband began faultfinding within a year after their marriage in Freeport, Ill., Oct. 4, 1881. She alleges that money was doled out to her in small amounts and that every penny given to her had to be thoroughly accounted for. For days, weeks and even months at a time Althoff refused to speak to his wife, she says, and then when he did address her it was to charge her with wastefulness.

After enduring his nagging for 28 years, Mrs. Althoff took her daughter Grace, 15 years of age, and, with her son George Althoff, went to a hotel, she says, where she is now being supported by her son. When she left home she had $5 and her clothing.

That Althoff owns property in Denver and Utah worth $40,000 is alleged by Mrs. Althoff, who asks the court to decree that she shall have one-half all of his as permanent alimony when the case is adjudicated.

RAISES THE COLONEL

Secretary Ballinger Has Pleasant Words.

Chicago, July 8.—Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, who arrived here today on a tour of inspection of public lands was asked if he credited the report that Theodore Roosevelt will support the senatorial candidacy of Congressman Poindexter, of Washington.

"I don't know what the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt will be," he answered, "but I do know that any action he takes will be one that he is convinced is for the good of the country and for he will go through with it as manfully as he has everything in the past."

Referring to Poindexter's politics the secretary said they were not Republican, but Democratic. "If they are not I don't know what they are."

Mr. Ballinger spoke informally at a luncheon given by the Hamilton club.

Companion to a Queen

IT IS somewhat unusual for a royal personage to possess an intimate friend and companion. Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary of England, have both been fortunate in this respect.

Everyone in England knows the story of the devoted friendship existing between the Queen Mother and the Honorable Charlotte Knollys, who has absolutely given up her life to serving Queen Alexandra and is in constant attendance upon her. There are many tales of rich and eligible suitors who have tried to persuade Miss Knollys to leave the queen, but in vain. Now she will stay with the queen till death claims one or the other of them. She will even give up England should Alexandra decide to make her permanent home in Denmark.

Queen Mary's most intimate friend is the Duchess of Devonshire, who has just accepted the appointment of mistress of the robes. In this appointment the duchess succeeds her aunt, the Duchess of Buccleuch, who has held the post for nearly a quarter of a century, but has asked to be released from her duties on the ground of ill health.

The Duchess of Devonshire is about 37. She is the daughter of Lady Lansdowne, whom she resembles. Naturally, as the eldest child of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, she came into touch with life at the court when she was little more than a girl and after her marriage she began entertaining largely, though her husband had not succeeded to the duchy at the time.

Her little house on Park lane was the center for a certain set of somewhat staid though youthful matrons, including Mary Pincess of Wales, who objected to the gaiety and democracy of the English court after King Edward came into his own. It was at this house that the famous conspiracy against the American invasion of English society is said to have been formed, partly in joke and partly in earnest. The Duchess of Buccleuch and Princess Mary were supposed to be the instigators of the idea, which, it may be mentioned, never amounted to anything.

The duchess is like Queen Mary in character and they have many tastes in common. Both have large families, to whom they devote a great deal of time and personal attention. They are both very capable, with clear minds and the faculty of organizing, and they are both strongly opposed to extravagance and luxury, living in their own homes simple and quiet lives.

The duchess has seven children. Two of them are sons, the Marquis of Hartington, heir to the duchy, who is just 15, and Lord Charles, who will be 5 in August. Of the five daughters, Lady Maud is 14, Lady Blanche 12, Lady Dorothy 9, Lady Rachel 8, and the youngest of the family, Lady Anne, will be a year old in September.

With many beautiful houses at her disposal, the Duchess of Devonshire ranks as one of the foremost hostesses of England, and though King Edward very seldom went to her dinners, King George and Queen Mary are constant visitors at her town residence and at her country homes.

Chatsworth House, Devonshire House, in London, Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, Linsmore Castle, Hardwicke Hall and Compton Place at Eastbourne are some of the Devonshire residences. Each of these homes is a palace situated in acres of beautiful grounds, with woods and fields, hunting and shooting preserves.

Devonshire House is filled with treasures, antique carvings, wonderful china and superb pictures, which have been in the family for centuries. The duke and duchess very often loan their drawing rooms for bazaars and entertainments, and the outside public pays heavily to see the inside of the house and to catch a glimpse of the simply dressed, slender, delicate-looking woman who presides there.

At Chatsworth House the Devonshire children spend most of their time, and there they lead simpler lives than most children in their position. They are a healthy, happy lot of youngsters, and occasionally they delight the village folk by giving performances of little plays. Last Christmas they gave a dramatized version of Jean Ingelow's A Lost Wand.

As mistress of the robes, the duchess will not have any particularly onerous duties. She will accompany the queen to state receptions and will be present in processions in which the queen takes part. At the coronation she will have many duties to perform toward royal guests at the palace.

Those people in London who are dreading the new court, which, it is generally agreed, will be absolutely unlike the brilliant court of King Edward VII., find confirmation of their fears in the appointment of the Duchess of Devonshire as mistress of the robes. She is so like Queen Mary in her views that they are sure the two ladies will revive all early Victorian traditions and do away with any sporting or gay element. Said a witty woman who realizes that her day as a royal hostess is over:

"The conversation at the court will be of children, servants, milk puddings and plain sewing."

SEES CHRISTIAN UNITY

Rockefeller Says the Christ Spirit Grows in Power.

Cleveland, July 11.—John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, talked about the value of "little things if done in the proper spirit," in an address before the Euclid Avenue Baptist church Bible class yesterday. It was his first appearance in public since his return from New York last week.

"Now, each one of us in whatever station of life we may be, can do some little thing for another," he said. "It is the little thing, not the great thing, that counts, providing it is done with the proper spirit.

"There is more of the spirit of Christ in the world today than ever before. It is the greatest power. People who love Him are coming together. They will unite. Regardless of the slight differences due to the many religious organizations, the same spirit is there, and the motive will accomplish as much."

The oil king then paused again. He lifted a religious publication, which he had taken to the church with him, from the table. "I read a letter by a Roman Catholic bishop to the conference in Scotland," he said, "which struck me deeply."

He then read: "The figure of Christ, after all the onslaughts, now stands out more pure and more divine. It demands admiration. I now see a uniform Christian religion. Not a cold religion, but a living torch."

WON'T WANT POISONED FLOUR

Farmers to Profit by Bleached Flour Verdict.

Washington, July 7.—"The legal decision rendered at Kansas City maintaining our contention that bleached flour contained something injurious to health and was adulterated within the meaning of the law, is a vindication of Secretary Wilson's position from the start of this litigation," declared Solicitor McCabe, of the department of agriculture, today.

"I do not believe the enforcement of the law against the bleaching of flour will affect the price of wheat to the extent of one penny so far as the farmer is concerned. When the people learn that the superlatively white flour they have been using contained a poison in the form of nitrogen peroxide, injurious to health, they will not clamor for it."

FULLER ESTATE RICH

Chief Justice Left $1,000,000 for Children.

Chicago, July 11.—Under the terms of the will of the late Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the supreme court of the United States, which was filed today in the probate court the children of the jurist and their direct heirs will share equally in the division of his estate, which is estimated to amount to nearly $1,000,000.

The document provides that the estate which includes real estate valued at $300,000 be held in trust for the heirs during the lifetime of his children. S. S. Gregory, a Chicago lawyer and the Merchants' Loan and Trust Co. are named as trustees.

The will is of noticeable brevity and was executed in Washington February 10, 1910.

PROBES $400,000 LOSS

Jury at Work on Trust Company Mystery.

New York, July 6.—It became known today that a grand jury investigation is being conducted into the alleged disappearance during a former management of the Carnegie Trust Co., of $400,000, worth of bonds deposited with the company as security for a loan.

The bonds, said to be those of a southern railroad, were, it was stated, deposited by Charles E. Wellborne, of this city, who, when he offered to repay the loan and demanded the return of the bonds deposited as collateral, is alleged to have been told they were not forthcoming.

Counsel for Mr. Wellborne have recently had several consultations with District Attorney Whitman and Former Justice William A. Keener, counsel for the Carnegie Trust Co., was in the criminal courts today while the grand jury was in session. It is stated that the present management of the Carnegie Trust Co., is in no way involved in the investigation.

ROOSEVELT A SURPRISE

Admitted at Beverly That Nobody Knows What He Will Do.

Beverly, Mass., July 9.—"No one knows what Roosevelt will do." This statement was made here yesterday by a man so close to Mr. Taft that he spoke ex cathedra.

It was made in view of Roosevelt's announcement that he will speak for Beveridge. The executive offices here would not believe the report when first given out, but are now forced reluctantly to accept it.

The Poindexter and Beveridge cases are the latest instances showing that Burgess Point is not in the confidence of Sagamore Hill. That this condition was likely to come about was evident June 30, when Col. Roosevelt called on President Taft here. Roosevelt was accompanied by Senator Lodge. Mr. Taft was attended by Secretary Norton. The two men met on the Taft veranda with every appearance of personal cordiality and liking, but in the more than two hours' visit it became plain that politically the visit was only one of courtesy.

Just a Social Time.

Mrs. Taft joined the party on the porch and listened with the others to Col. Roosevelt's rapid review of his 14 months in Africa and Europe. Tea was served and immediately afterward Col. Roosevelt and Senator Lodge departed, Roosevelt announcing to inquirers that he would not return.

Col. Roosevelt said they had a pleasant time. President Taft repeated the phrase. Each said that there was nothing more to be said, and from all information available that statement is true. Col. Roosevelt happened to be in the vicinity attending his college's exercises. He was so near that failure to call on Taft would have excited unfavorable comment as a discourtesy.

Didn't Use the O. K.

But no O. K.'s were put on Taft's acts, nor were pledges given or taken. No political plans were made. So far as can be learned here the two men will work independently. That does not necessarily mean that they will work antagonistically, but that there will not be any joint campaign work is certain.

President Taft called on Justice Moody, at Magnolia, Mass., yesterday. He found the justice strong enough to receive callers. The two did not mention Justice Moody's retirement.

President W. C. Brown, of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, and David L. Cae, editor of a Railway Union journal, were made members of a commission to inquire into employers' liability and employes' compensation. The other members are Senators Warner and Hughes and Representatives Denby and Brantley.

The President's vacation from business continues. Assistant Secretary Forster took a half dozen letters to the cottage yesterday, but beyond that golf and motoring took up the day.

WILL SOAR OVER OCEAN

Newspaperman and Crew Plan Record Trip in Big Dirigible Balloon.

New York, July 9.—Walter Wellman and Melvin Vaniman will attempt in the fall to cross the Atlantic ocean in the dirigible balloon America, which was built for the Wellman polar expedition and has been tested twice in voyages over the Arctic ocean, north of Spitzbergen.

The attempt will be made solely on the responsibility of the aeronauts, but the New York Times, the Chicago Record-Herald and the London Daily Telegraph have arranged to buy the news of the expedition, which will be transmitted by wireless from the airship, even as news now is from ocean liners.

The America will be housed at Atlantic City during its preliminary trial. A shed to shelter her already has been contracted for and hydrogen gas apparatus to inflate her gas bags has been shipped from Paris.

Will Carry Crew of Six.

On her long voyage the America will carry a crew of six men, including the wireless operator, and 1,600 gallons of gasoline in a steel tank. Equipped for a day's run she could carry 75 passengers in addition to her full crew. In size she ranks second only to the latest Zeppelin airship.

Two engines will drive her, one of 70-80-horse power for ordinary duty, and one of 300-horse power for emergency service, when high speed is needed. A little 10-horse power motor takes the place of a donkey engine aboard ship for all necessary offices.

The quantity of fuel carried gives the airship a greater radius of action than the distance from New York to Europe, and a study of prevailing winds during the season at which it is proposed to make the passage shows that they lie parallel to the eastbound course laid down by Atlantic liners. Even if the net effect of the winds should prove unfavorable it is estimated by the aeronauts that the fuel would hold out for the full distance.

Wellman and Vaniman are by no means sure that their attempt will be successful, but they think the chances are good enough to warrant at least a trial. They plan to start late in August or early in September from a base near New York not yet selected.

DASHES INTO FIRE, SAVES OIL

Standard Oil Superintendent in Daring Act.

Pittsburg, July 6.—While firemen poured powerful streams of water upon him, W. A. Weaver, superintendent of the Atlantic Refining plant (Standard Oil Co.), dashed daringly through flame and smoke early today, and shut a valve which prevented fire spreading from a burning still of benzine to great tanks of oil nearby.

In the vicinity over 30,000 barrels of petroleum in various stages of refinement were stored.

Two thousand people, called from their beds by the peril, cheered the superintendent as he came scorched from the burning still. What likely would have been a catastrophe similar to that at Sheridan several years ago when 200 people were seriously injured in a gasoline explosion was prevented and the loss confined to the benzine still.

AIRSHIP COMPANY IS FORMED

Promoters Say "Gyroplane" Will Carry 100 Persons.

St. Louis, Mo., July 7.—The incorporation of the Universal Aerial Navigation Co. for a license to conduct business in Missouri, has revealed plans for a commercial passenger airship that rivals the dreams of Jules Vernes.

Officials of the company declare that within a year they will have a ship sailing the skies that will carry 100 passengers in a 40-mile wind at a speed of 100 miles an hour if desired.

The machine is the invention of J. W. Oman, formerly of San Antonio, Tex., but now of St. Louis. One is in process of construction in the shops of the inventor here. The new airship is called a gyroplane, from the fact that it is a combination of the gyroscope, the helicopter and the aeroplane.

FANATICISM NEARLY FATAL

Woman Almost Drowned in Self-Administered Baptism.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 6.—Insisting that she must be baptized in her own way, a woman who gave the name of Mrs. Sophie Plum, came near drowning in the presence of at least 2,00 spectators on the Delaware river banks at Gloucester. She was rescued in the nick of time by a man in a launch and was afterwards revived in a nearby building. The big crowd was thoroughly thrilled by the exciting spectacle as the woman endeavored to reach a rude cross planted in the river about 20 yards from shore.

The Rev. William Pickersgill, head of the Helping Hand church, Gloucester, had announced several days ago that there would be a baptism in the river yesterday. But there was some hitch in the program. Mrs. Plum was anxious for the ceremony, but she insisted that she must be immersed seven times in accord with her conceived notions of biblical injunction.

Pastor Pickersgill said he could find no authority for such a ceremony, and when he appeared before the crowd on the shore he announced that the ceremony would not take place. He had helped plant the cross in the sand with rocks about its base, when the tide was low, just as Mrs. Plum desired, but there would be no ceremony.

"Yes, there will, brother," exclaimed Mrs. Plum, who suddenly appeared in flowing white robes.

"We are not led to perform this ceremony and we shall have nothing to do with it," replied the pastor slowly but firmly.

Undaunted by the rebuff, Mrs. Plum strode into the water and made straight for the cross well out in the current. Before she could reach it she was swept off her feet and was quickly struggling for her life. Of all the thousands who saw her, Gilbert Porch saw that she was really drowning, and jumping into a launch, managed to get her ashore, where she was resuscitated.

RULES FOR AIR RACE

Govern Aeroplane Contest for $25,000 Purse.

Chicago, July 5.—Rules and regulations to govern the proposed aeroplane race from Chicago to New York were made public here Tuesday by J. C. Shaffer, publisher of the Chicago Evening Post. The Post, in conjunction with the New York Times, offers a prize of $25,000 for the race.

The contest is to begin at Chicago on October 8 with no less than three entrants, who must have previous records of sustained flights of an hour or more. In case of adverse weather the start may be delayed until October 15. The time limit of the race is seven days, the contestants being allowed to make as many stops as their discretion will contenance.

All must start on the same day, the intervals between their taking flight to be considered in determining the winner. Should all leave the ground at the same moment, the winner will be he who first lands in New York.

To win the prize of $25,000 the winner must make the flight before any flight of the same or greater distance has been made in any part of the country.

The contestants must pay their own expenses and assume all risks.

HEAVY QUAKE IS RECORDED

Washington and Cleveland Both Tell of Shock.

Washington, July 7.—A severe earthquake shock, continuing from 12:01 to 12:03 this morning, was recorded by the Georgetown university observatory. The preliminary tremors began at 11:58 o'clock and were followed three minutes later by the heaviest shock. The tremors died away at 12:14.

The observers at the university say the earthquake probably was not more than 1,500 miles distant. The chief motion was east and west and was the heaviest recorded since January 1.

An earthquake, apparently nearer and of greater intensity than any other within the last six months, was recorded at the St. Ignatius college observatory in Cleveland last night. The preliminary shocks began at 10:55 and the vibrations continued until 11:21. It is estimated that the disturbance was centered about 1,500 or 2,000 miles distant. The wave motion was east and west.

BLANKS LOST, CAN'T MARRY

Disappointed Couple Suffer From Clerk's Carelessness.

Rockville, Md., July 9.—Washington's "Gretna Green" as this little place has been known for years, lost some of its prestige and proved a disappointment to a young couple, who came here from the capitol in the expectation of being married.

It was all due to the carelessness of the county clerk in failing to meet the unusually heavy demand for marriage license with an ample supply of blanks. In vain he searched his office for just one blank at the earnest solicitation of the expectant swain and his prospective bride.

The willing minister could not marry them without a license so the knot was still untied when they left here in search of another "Gretna Green."

TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About the Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest and eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, these together with the sedentary habits were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts food, and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape Nuts with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power.

"American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated in nourishment."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A TWO MILE CHASE

Satin Clad Woman Goes Far to Run Down a Horse Beater.

New York, July 6.—After a chase of nearly two miles in a white satin evening gown with a long train, Mrs. Catherine Campbell, of No. 113 East Twenty-sixth street, an agent of the S. P. C. A., who is known as "the woman with the hypnotic eyes," appeared against Otto Boden, an expressman, of No. 1223 Third avenue, in the Yorkville police court to press a charge of cruelty to animals.

Mrs. Campbell's eyes still flashed with the indignation that had caused her to turn from the door of the Cafe Boulevard last evening and unmindful of her satin gown and the dinner at which she was to be a guest, start in pursuit of a driver who, she said, was beating his limping horse.

Mrs. Campbell was entering the cafe with a party of friends when she noticed the man belaboring his horse, according to the story she told Magistrate Krotel.

"Stop beating your horse!" cried Mrs. Campbell.

It Amused the Driver.

When the driver looked over his shoulder and saw a woman in an evening gown he seemed to be greatly amused, for he laughed loudly. Without hesitating Mrs. Campbell caught up her train, hurried into the street and attempted to seize the bit. But the driver whipped up and was soon out of reach.

Urged by the cries of the people in the street, Mrs. Campbell, dodging in and out between pedestrians, ran along the sidewalk as fast as she could to Twelfth street, where she swung her self aboard a Second avenue car that was moving at a lively clip. When the driver of the express wagon turned into Seventeenth street, Mrs. Campbell jumped off the moving car and ran to Third avenue. Occasionally, she said, the disdainful object of her pursuit would turn and laugh at her.

Reaching Third avenue the determined woman caught a car and asked the motorman to make as much speed as the law would allow. Keeping her eye on the man in the wagon she was finally rejoiced to see a crosstown car block his way at Thirty-fourth street. Before he could get any further she leaped off the car and caught the horse with a firm hand.

Saw Him in Lockup.

Then Patrolman John Pryor, of the East Thirty-fifth street station, stepped up, and at the demand of Mrs. Campbell, arrested Boden. It was not until she saw the driver locked up in the station, however, that Mrs. Campbell went back to her friends and dinner.

In court Boden said he had struck his horse only once, but Policeman Fryor testified to having seen 11 welts on the back of the horse, which, he added, was also lame and had a lacerated mouth. Mrs. Campbell had called the attention of the policeman to the condition of the animal. After learning this story, the Magistrate held Boden in $300 bonds.

WOULD HALT FIGHTING

U. S. and Mexico Discuss Nicaragua Trouble.

Washington, July 6.—Manifesting an earnest desire that the Nicaraguan troubles be terminated as speedily as possible, there has been an important exchange of views between the United States and Mexico.

This information was given out at the state department today and the communications were described as most cordial and inspired by the best of friendly relations.

The department is said to possess no knowledge of the reported growth of an anti-American feeling in Central American countries, and of the appeal by them to Mexico and Argentina to intervene.

The fact that a financial agent of the Honduran government is now in the United States negotiating a large loan with New York bankers, which would come before the government for its sanction before being put into execution, is taken by the officials here as proof of the friendly relations and neutral interests of the two governments.

The demonstrations of students in Salvador some time ago have been interpreted here as mere schoolboy pranks.

MANY YEARS' SEARCH ENDED

Grave of First Victim of Civil War Is Found at Last.

Baltimore, Md., July 6.—After a search covering many years, the resting place of the bones of Charles A. Taylor, a soldier of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, reputed to have been the first man killed in the Civil war, has been definitely located. On Tuesday the remains will be sent to Binghaton, N. Y., to be later taken to Lowell and interred beneath the monument erected to the memory of Taylor and the three others who fell with him during the riot which marks the passage of their regiment along Pratt street, this city, April 19, 1861.

After the riot, Taylor's body was completely lost sight of by his friends. Repeated efforts were made by Colonel Edward E. Jones, now of Binghamton, who was in command of the regiment when the riot occurred, to find Taylor's burial place.

Some time ago, as a last resort, advertisements were inserted in local papers, one of which was seen by Samuel F. Glenn of this city, who pointed out Taylor's grave, in the old Methodist cemetery, at Fayette street and Loneys lane, this city. A board at the head of the grave bears the time dimmed inscription:

"A soldier of the Sixth Mass. Regiment. Killed in riot."

This inscription is considered ample identification, as the bodies of all three of the others killed at the time have long since been identified and finally interested in Lowell.

PEOPLE ARE LOSING MONEY

Amount Per Capita Shows Sudden Decrease.

Washington, July 7.—A decrease in circulation per capita of 49 cents on June 1 is shown by the last treasury statement.

On July 1, 1909, the amount each man, woman and child in the United States would have had were all the money equally divided was $35.01; last Friday it was $34.52.

The amount of money in circulation on July 1 was greater than a year ago, but the population increased in greater proportion than did the money.

HASTY WILL FILED IN COURT

Fatally Hurt, Man Wrote on a Card.

Pittsburg, July 8.—A card torn from a freight car was filed in probate court today as the will of Robert J. McElroy, who, after being fatally injured by a freight train, scribbled on the card: "Mary, all that is mine is thine."

The will leaves an estate worth $5,200 to his wife. After writing the will, McElroy signed the letter "R." but was unable to finish and another trainman completed the signature. McElroy died June 12.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

MAY BE A LONG FIGHT

Cloak Strike Likely to Be Hard Struggle.

New York, July 9.—Developments yesterday in the strike of the cloakmakers, which has tied up 95 per cent, of the trade in Greater New York, indicated a long struggle before any settlement is reached. Abraham Rosenberg, the strike leader, made tentative arrangements to obtain a loan of $100,000 from prominent bankers, whose names he would not disclose. This loan is promised without interest. Mr. Rosenberg announced that he was in a position to obtain all the money that might be necessary to carry the strike to a successful conclusion.

In spite of the apparent strength and determination of the strikers, the manufacturers held two meetings, one of boys cloakmakers and the other of the cloak, suit, skirt and costume manufacturers, at both of which it was decided to fight the strikers to a finish. This action of the manufacturers was a complete surprise to the strikers, as of the 1,500 manufacturers more than 100 had already acceded to the demands of the cutters and operatives, and the strikers felt certain that the others would surrender within a few days. President Rosenberg had announced that there would be a speedy settlement of the difficulties.

At both meetings of the manufacturers it was made clear that the strikers had submitted no demands before quitting work on Thursday. Neither had they given any notice of their intention to strike.

LONG CHASE IS ENDED

Woman in Cotton Swindle Pleads Guilty.

Philadelphia, July 9.—Brought to the bar of the United States court in this city today, after she had eluded capture for nearly five years, Sophie Beck, one of the principals in the famous Storey cotton swindle, which found victims in all parts of the United States, pleaded guilty to the charge of using the mails to defraud.

She was sentenced to pay a fine of $300, and also to pay $200 of the cost of prosecution.

After the Storey swindle had been exposed five years ago, Sophie Beck went to Europe. She returned to the United States last year, and was arrested in Atlantic City in September.

All of the principals of the Storey company, with the exception of Stanley Francis, fled the country. Francis recently completed serving a three and one-half years' sentence in the penitentiary. Frank Marrin, president of the concern, is serving a 15-year sentence in Sang Sing on a charge brought against him in New York, and E. Ewart Storey, another one of the promoters of the concern, died in an insane asylum in France.

ALLIGATORS AND INSECTS MUST HUNT UP A NEW HOME

New Orleans, July 11—More than 1,000,000 acres of marsh land lying within 50 miles of New Orleans are to be drained, reclaimed and transformed from a wilderness into gardens, homes, hamlets and towns. The work of reclaiming some 50,000 acres within the corporate limits of New Orleans is now well under way, while contracts have been let for the reclamation of fully 100,000 acres additional in adjoining parishes.

This means that within two years the alligator will no longer find aboriginal harborage in the Carnival city, that the breeding grounds of countless billions of mosquitoes will be turned into highly productive farms on which mosquitoes cannot breed, that hundreds of miles of paved roadways will lead from New Orleans north, east and west, and that for the first time in its history New Orleans will possess suburbs.

Every visitor to New Orleans remembers the vast expanse of unproductive marsh land that extends to the very house yards of the settled portions of the city on every side, and the landscape view from the car window has never been a good advertisement for the "Gateway to the Valley." All this is now being changed just as fast as steam dredges and electric drainage machines can do the work.

Day of Marshes Over.

The corporate limits of New Orleans cover 165 square miles. Five years ago the geographical center of the city was the center of a marsh inhabitated by alligators and crawfish and other crawling and swimming things. Today handsome homes and smooth roadways cover it. Three years ago an 8,000 acre marsh immediately to the eastward of the settled portion of the city could not be traversed by man without the aid of a pirogue. This year four crops of vegetables are being raised on many acres, and next year many thrifty farmers will be growing highly profitable food crops thereon in great profusion. Immediately beyond this tract work has just begun on the reclamation of more than 34,000 acres, and provision has been made for the opening up of more than 100 miles of wide paved boulevards along the shore of Lakes Pontchartrain and Bergne. All of this is within the corporate limits of New Orleans. All of the railroads entering from the east pass through these tracts.

To the westward the same character of work is being done, and preparations are now being made to reclaim an additional half million acres through the construction of a wide levee along the western shore of Lake Pontchartrain and the southern shore of Lake Maurepas. On the crown of this levee a paved roadway 75 miles in length will connect New Orleans and Baton Rouge and ultimately will be the southern terminus of a Chicago-New Orleans highway.

The nearest town or settlement of any consequence is now 50 miles distant from New Orleans. Within 50 miles of every large city in the country a million or more people reside, and many industries develop business and wealth for the urban population.

Improvements Before 1915.

This is the end New Orleans is working to and will have reached, in large part, anyway, by the time the Panama canal is opened to the ships of the world.

Meanwhile modern sewerage and drainage within the city proper have practically and wholly solved the city's sanitary problems, and the discovery of a simple method of filtering the waters of the Mississippi river has given the city a pure water service excelled by none in the world. These systems are in operation and are nearly complete. They have cost the city about $25,000,000.

Public ownership of wharves and harbor facilities and a publicly owned belt railroad, all paid for by the taxpayers and operated by public commissions in the interest of the port's commerce, are fast increasing that commerce in both value and volume.

Big projects still under discussion include a plan to erect a monster system of commodity warehouses on the river front, where the ships may land on one side and all railroads enter on the other and a plan for a steamship line between New Orleans and the Orient through the Panama canal. The warehouse system is to be built by a public commission. The steamship line is impossible under existing federal maritime laws, but the people of New Orleans have planned to overcome the federal handicap empting the proposed steamship corporation from taxation for ten years and by other material concessions.

Warren B. Reed, one of the engineers who are fast turning New Orleans' marsh land into the highest type of farm land and suburban home sites, says the expense and difficulties of such reclamation are far less than are the expense and difficulties incident to the irrigation of the arid lands of the West.

What Is Needed for Work.

"Levees, drainage ditches and pumping machines are all that we require," said Mr. Reed. "to keep the water off of this land. We merely lift the water over the nearest levee, and that is an end to it. Three or four months after these lands are drained they are ready for the plow. In the west, where irrigation is resorted to, water is often conveyed more than 100 miles. Our goal is the diversion of many thousands of the western farmers now emigrating to Canada by bringing them to Louisiana, where the climate is mild, the soil rich and four crops a year may be raised."

DREXEL IS NEW HIGH FLYER

Bournemouth, Eng., July 11.—A new British record for high flying was made by J. Armstrong Drexel, son of Anthony Drexel, at the aviation meet in progress here today. He reached an altitude of 1,250 feet.

Young Mr. Drexel has been practicing for some time with Bleriot monoplanes. His best previous achievement was at Brockenhurst, June 20, when he reached a height of 1,070 feet.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our wholesale prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1910 model bicycles. FACTORY PRICES. Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town. RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G 64 CHICAGO

STEM WIND & SET. WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS. We positively PAY EVERYBODY WHO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring to match, set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 728 CHICAGO

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee MY Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 5 to 8 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER RECLAMITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 47-49 Wabash Av., Chicago

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 O. J., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont.,

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

THESE Real-Life Glimpses might be called Mary's House, or On the Way to Mary's, or The House of Joe and Mary. Any one of these titles would fit, and so, because of an embarrassment of riches, this story of nothing in particular, will have to go under the customary head of Real-Life Glimpses.

It is not necessary to tell the reason why I went to Mary's, house. Mary and I are friends and we have a good deal of business together. As a usual thing, Mary comes to my house, but in this instance, I went to Mary's.

I always liked the name of Mary. It may be because it is my mother's but whatever the reason, it has been always a good-sounding name to me and carried with it the thought of good women.

On the way to Mary's house, I met with something pleasant to start with. Coming up the steps of the house where I live, while I was going down them, was a lady friend of mine. She lives there, too. We met face to face, as was to be expected under the circumstances, and, womanlike, we lingered to exchange a few words of greeting. My lady friend was carrying a bouquet of greens. Useless weeds, it is likely you would call them, unless you had better information. The weeds were the blossoms of wild mustard and plantain and other wild-growing things, which birds like to peck at and to eat. My lady friend had gathered and brought them home with thought of the pet canaries that are owned here and there in the house. We are a large and varied family under the wide-spreading roof of "our house."

"The birds are just crazy over these things," my lady friend said in explanation of the greens she was carrying. "I brought them home for the canaries. I hope they may have them, but you know, people are sometimes afraid to feed their birds anything except seed. How would we like to be shut up in cages and fed nothing but dry bread," she asked in a voice that called for sympathy.

I assured her I did not think "we" should like it, and encouraged her to impart her portion of greens to those who might be greenless. She was hesitating, fearing they might not be acceptable to the bird-owners.

When last I saw my lady friend, she was going in the door of "our house," smiling and looking pleasant, and fully determined that the birds should have the greens of the wild variety, if she might have her wish about it.

"Nothing exciting about this," you may be saying.

No, of course there is not. It was just a bit of pleasantness met by the way; a bit of kindly thought for others, that sometime is sure to spring into flower.

Speaking of flowers reminds me of something else I saw and heard on the way to Mary's. It was seen and heard on and in a street car. A middle-aged man and woman boarded the car in which I was riding. Judging from appearances, they were husband and wife. The man was carrying a bottle of milk, and the woman had a nosegay of sweet peas. They were beautiful blossoms, both in size and color.

The woman with the flowers, sat next to me, so I could admire their beauty and breathe their fragrance.

"How lovely those sweet peas are," I ventured to remark.

She responded with a smile, and I knew the thought flashed through her mind to give me some of the blossoms. I knew, too, the reason she did not, was because they were intended for some one whose need of flowers was greater.

"Yes," she said, "they are real pretty," then, leaning toward me confidentially, she half-whispered, "I always like to take flowers when I can, to those that haven't any of their own."

Whereat, we beamed upon each other.

She soon left the car accompanied by the man who was carrying the quart of milk in a bottle, and I settled the matter in my own mind, and to my own satisfaction, by deciding that both the flowers and milk were intended for "those that haven't any of their own."

"Nothing exciting about this either," you may again be saying.

Again, I know this is true. It was just a bit of pleasantness and kindly thought met along the way to Mary's, but oftener than you know, these little kindly thoughts for others, bud and blossom into flower, and more often than not, they need not cost you one penny.

The home of Joe and Mary is in a new street on one of the far edges of the city, where there are board sidewalks from which too many boards are missing, and vacant lots in which too many weeds are growing, and too much soil is idle for lack of tilling. In the winter, it frequently happens that we have to feed the hungry.

There is nothing pretentious about the house of Joe and Mary. There is little different about it from many of those by which it is surrounded, except its fresh coat of yellow paint and its white trimmings around its doors and windows. It has a tiny lawn in front which is kept smooth-shaven. It has a front porch which makes you look around for the canary, but there is no canary here. Inside the house, everything is as neat as a new pin. There is fresh paper on the walls, put there by Joe and Mary, and there is fresh and clean paint wherever fresh and clean paint is needed. There is a back yard, which, in company with quite a long line of back yards exactly like it, is a combination vegetable and flower garden, with vegetables predominating. Country folk would laugh at these toy gardens, but every inch of ground is utilized, especially in the case of Joe and Mary. They have gone so far as to have wire-netted off a small space between the shed and the fence where they intend to confine their chickens, now roaming at large in a vacant lot that is adjacent. Only a few years ago, Joe and Mary elected to travel through life together. They are not making it a vale of tears, though they have seen some rough traveling.

The most important member of the family at the present time of writing, is "The Indian," as his father calls him, or to name him correctly, Johnny, the son of Joe and Mary. His years are three in number, and he owns, presides over, perambulates around and permeates the house wherein he permits his parents to live and to enjoy his company. He also ambles over the neighborhood considerably, and is very well known and thought of by all those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The street is one peopled entirely by working people. At its head stands a substantial brick school building. Across the way, the first of the line of cottages, with their tiny lawns, their flowers and their vegetable gardens, is the home of Joe and Mary. Hard labor earned it for them; hard labor is enabling them to keep it. The street is one that represents labor, with the home of Joe and Mary heading the procession as a shining example of thrift and industry. The name of the street is Noble.

It is not all smooth sailing with them yet, but they are blessed with the sight to see cheerfully; they are working shoulder to shoulder together; therefore they are happy with themselves and with "the Indian."

I like to go to the home of Joe and Mary.

This is all for today.

THERE SHOULD

Fritz, the gardener, was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening, after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggageman gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in, and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I tanks you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggageman sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door and said, with no wrath in his voice:

"There here should be some steps."

SOME POINTERS

BY ELIZABETH.

Cheer up! It might be worse.

Those who have nothing to do are the ones who are most unhappy.

The one who tries to fill his life with time-killing devices only, is the one who is most uneasy.

Cultivate faith instead of suspicion if you would meet with faithfulness.

The way you treat the world is the way the world will treat you.

The best way to do is to keep silent when you are so "mad," you feel like an explosion.

Angry words bring outward submission, only. Underneath resentment is always smouldering.

Sitting around and pouting because you think you have been slighted, is a most unhappy occupation.

If you will not be teased when some one tries to tease you, he will soon stop trying.

Why not make a bluff at cheerfulness? If you keep it up long enough, after awhile it will become a habit; after awhile, you will feather out with cheerfulness.

The reason most of us find cause for grievance, is because we cannot do the things we want to do.

One of the trying moments in a woman's life, is to have on a fresh, white gown, and then have the sky cloud up and rain all over her.

Laugh with people, not at them.

Those who are always finding fault, should turn their attention to finding remedies to cure the faults they find.

I still insist that it won't hurt your face to smile and look pleasant.

Well, here's hoping.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: to aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

FROM A GRANDMOTHER

As I enjoy reading your kind letters, I now for the first time in my life will try to write to you a short letter. I take it as a pleasure to talk to you all for a little time.

I am 80 years old and my husband is 84. I have raised four children—two girls and two boys. They all have homes of their own. I have 24 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren. They are all very kind to me. I still live at my old home that my husband had when we were married. He has been a farmer all of his life. We never made a move. We have lived on the same old farm ever since we were married. One of my girls lives with me, and the other lives very close by. I can stand in my door and call to her if I need her. She always comes to my call. We are not strong enough to work much any more, but I am glad that I can say to you all, we do not have to work, as our children are so kind to us, they do not want us to do anything. If all children knew how much joy and gladness it brought to the hearts of their parents to give them a kind word and a friendly smile when they become tired and worn out with the cares of this life, there would not be so many sad mothers and fathers. We both feel our work is almost done, and that we shall soon lay down the cross and take up the crown that is prepared for those who prove faithful to the end.

Wishing you all happy days.—Grandma, West Virginia.

"HOMELY REMARKS"

I am going to run in for a little visit with you this morning. There has been such nice letters, I am almost afraid to write, but do not expect anything brilliant and I will send you just a few homely remarks. My garden and flowers are fine, and we shall soon cut our second crop of hay, (alfalfa). As many have had their say about woman's rights, I wish to remark that all the rights I want are to live and let live, the right to have a jolly good time, plenty to eat, a few good clothes, lots of flowers, some good books and some good music, occasionally, though I am not musical myself, and then, if 'tother half cannot attend to the voting it will have to go. I have not time to look after it.

Mary Whitsitt, of Kansas, are you so grown up and dignified that you do not like to make believe any more, or were you not one of the girlies that like to dress up and play Mrs. Jones or Smith? That is the way we childish ones still feel about signing our names to letters written to the Blade. It is heaps more fun to have that same "Sugar Lump," to our letters and hear friends wondering who in the world wrote it, than to sign just plain Bridget Donahue. My auntie used often to ask me if I never intended to grow up, and was very shocked when I answered, "nope." Perhaps you, too, would be shocked if you saw me racing round and round the house, playing with the dogs, or down on the floor playing with the neighbors' children, having none of my own, worse luck, and I am 32 years old and very dignified when company comes, so don't scold the Sugar Lumps, Mary dear, but be a child with us and write again.

Let me tell you one of my ideas. I cut out all little funny things I see in the papers and when I am writing to a sick or lonely friend, I just drop in a clipping or two, or sandwich them between the sheets. Anyway, they like them. Speaking of sandwiches makes me think of A. H. L., of Kansas, who wanted some suggestions for breakfast. I am sure she wants the good, old country food that all of us farmers must have when the Johns and their men come in hungry. Perhaps I can help a little. There are always the breakfast foods, mush, they say here, and the one we like best is fruit a mush made of graham flour stirred in boiling salt water. Cook a few minutes, then set back and cook slowly until breakfast is ready. Eat with cream and sugar. Then there are the eggs to be scrambled, poached, boiled, fried, and the omelet made either with or without the diced bacon. There are biscuits, muffins, gems and cakes. We like cakes and fried bacon or ham. Learn to make them flakey and light if you do not know how already.

For deserts there are bread and rice puddings, raisin, cream, custard, lemon and chocolate pies and numbers of simple little cakes that are not rich enough to hurt any one and are really nice. Seedless raisins make a nice change from canned fruit for sauce and are very healthful. Stew and sweeten them, thicken with a tiny bit of cornstarch.

For other meals, there is always the potato to fix in—I nearly said a hundred different ways. Give them a good potato salad made from either boiled or mashed potatoes. Canned corn, served plain, or scalloped; canned tomatoes and rice cooked together; tomatoe and bread crumbs mixed, and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, and baked. Tomatoes fried, if you raise them; tomatoes in the plain, old way, or served with macaroni. Macaroni and cheese make a nice dish.

Other dishes are butter beans, pink beans, and the navies, either boiled or baked. Potato soup, oyster soup, and plain mush and milk for supper, with a salad, cold meat and dessert, will be well liked by the working man who does not like soup for dinner, as he gets hungry again too soon.

Do you make cottage cheese? I really do not know just where I should stop, but it may be I have talked enough already, so I will close by saying: girls, when you get a better education than mother has, do not try to teach her, or run her house on your modern plan. Wait until you have a home of your own, and do not scold her because she goes in the parlor with her apron on. Be considerate of her and let her be old-fashioned. We all like it, and before long there will not be any old fashions.—Shorty, from California.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters unsigned by their writer's real name, will go the quick way to the waste basket. Your real name need not be published, but if you cannot back up what you write by signing your real name, your writing is without value. I know that in many cases, it is simply because you are bashful. Have a better opinion of yourself and get over it. We are all brothers and sisters together.—Elizabeth.

Geneva Brown, of Michigan, writes that ink spots may be removed from white linen by rubbing them well with salt, then sprinkle with lemon juice and let stand half an hour. After this wash as usual and hang in the sunlight. This is also a good way to remove iron rust from white goods.

In a letter from Mrs. C. H. Henry, of Iowa, is this: "Trust, love and work, in the order written, are the foundations of a happy home."

Old Subscriber, out in Washington:—Thank you very much for the postals and for the poetry.—Elizabeth.

Mrs. William Reimann, Oregon, your address is wanted by the Household Editor.

Letters received for the C. C. are from Mrs. Bates, Stella Braylet, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Mayer Bennett, Sallie Graham, Mrs. Belle Dowler, H. I. B., and Honey Girl, from Michigan.

SUMMER DISHES

Much obliged to the July Harper's Bazar for the following summer dishes:

Cream of spinach soup.—Boil one quart of spinach and strain it through a colander. Melt one tablespoonful of butter and stir in one tablespoonful of flour until smooth; then add one quart of milk, a pinch of salt, and the strained spinach, and boil about a minute.

Corn pudding.—To one canful of corn add a cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil it until tender, and then allow it to cool. Beat thoroughly two eggs, and, when the corn is cool, stir them into it, and pour the whole into the bowl in which it is to be served. Bake for twenty minutes.

Cucumber-jelly salad.—Peel two cucumbers and cut them in slices. Put them in a pint of cold water, with a thin slice of onion, pepper and salt, and let it simmer until the cucumbers are soft. Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in warm water and add to it the cucumbers. Strain and pour it in a jelly mould. When cold serve on lettuce, with a French dressing.

Eggs in potato cases.—Press well-seasoned mashed potatoes into individual moulds the day before they are needed. In the morning remove the moulds and scoop out the centres. Brush inside and out with melted butter, and drop a raw egg into each. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper and one teaspoonful of grated American cheese over each egg, and add a tiny piece of butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the white of the eggs is firm.

FROM AN OLD VOLUME

DID "THIS" EVER PLAY BASEBALL?

A SWEET YOUNG MISS OF THE LONG AGO.

ONCE more I have been browsing in that old volume of Mr. Godey's, long since published for the ladies. It belongs to my mother, as was mentioned before, but confidentially, my opinion is that it really belongs to me, possession being nine points of the law. I have the nine points, while my mother's name, lettered in gold that is still bright on the cover, is the only point in her favor.

I believe a gentleman named William Shakespeare, who wrote several well-known pieces long ago, once remarked "What's in a name?" In this case there is little. I have the volume in question, and have been busied devastating its pages. Colored prints have been extracted from it for framing purposes. They are chiefly valuable for their quaintness and rarity, and for filling the top panel of the Colonial mirror, one of the antiques of modern manufacture. There have been other extractions, painless, let us hope, though I feel a combination pang of regret and self-reproach every time I take from the volume one of its picture pages.

"Out upon you," it seems to say, "some day you'll be sorry," but there are times and occasions when the temptation to extract is too great to be resisted, and when it comes to finding material for a story, I turn pillager and take my chances of being sorry.

Whereas, all this has been written by way of introducing the picture boys and girls I have just met up with in Mr. Godey's. The clothes they wear are in such violent contrast to those worn by the boys and girls now among those present, that it set me to wondering if the boys and girls who went arrayed like these, could really have been kin folks to those of today.

Probably, yes. We'll put it down that the picture boys and girls were just freaks of fashion, and fashion is one of the things which we may live down if we try to do better.

It's not what you used to be;
It's what you are today—
are lines that came into my head in this connection, and they likewise fit other cases.

Some years ago, I do not remember the exact number, one of the most popular subjects with the writers of articles intended to help civilize women, was the subject of children's dress, in reference to over-dressing.

"Let them have play clothes," was the war cry. "Don't make them slaves to their clothes," was another, or words to that effect.

These pioneers in behalf of over-dressed children were working with reason, and they kept hammering away until the present jumper, romper and overall-clad youngsters are the effect of their cause. Occasionally, one sees children made happy by being clothed chiefly in their innocence. Bless 'em!

It is seldom one sees an over-dressed child in these days of increasing enlightment, and when one of these relics of darker ages chances to blot the landscape, it is always a painful sight. Let the children be plain clothes men, and they will be better and happier, and, being better and happier in childhood, it goes without saying what the result will be when they are grown to be men and women.

Primarily, clothing was intended as covering and protection, though the views obtained from a glance around, now and then, especially in summer, indicate that we have departed from the original intention. Fig leaves were modest compared with some of these.

To me, the boys and girls I met up with in Mr. Godey's, are awful warnings of things that used to be. It is not at all likely they will ever be again, and for this mercy, many thanks are offered. There is always something, somewhere to be thankful for, you know, if we will only seek to find it. Here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Here we are in the midst of summer. The flies have returned with impudent assurance of a welcome. They are entirely too familiar. I have never encouraged their advances.

It is the time for roses and everything nice, even to green beans. The only thing against green beans is, I cannot get anything done after they are here. I always take the morning to gather and string them, about two gallons or so, then after cooking them, I eat all I can find room for at that time; while looking over the mail, I rest, after which I start to clearing the table and storing away more green beans. Along about 3 o'clock, I find there is room for more. When I start supper, I eat a lot cold, because my good man wants everything warm, then we finish what is left. I say "we," because you would think I was selfish if I did not. In the night I wake up and think how good the green beans will be that I intend gathering the next day.

My neighbor said the other day, that the men folks were going to take us to Sharpsburg, Saturday afternoon. I "grinned." We have wanted to go for so long. It is a small place, with a wonderful country store. My neighbor and her two nearly grown children, sat on the front seat of the carriage. My two little boys and I sat on the back seat. The men went in the old buggy. I offered them one of my babies but they did not hear me. I did not care, they are real good company as they both talk constantly.

We had a long drive along a narrow, winding road, where the clover fields came to the carriage wheels on one side, while the trees from the wooded land reached out long, green branches on the other, and the wild roses added their fragrance to the sweet scent of the clover. The little ones were in raptures over the pretty flowers.

Sharpsburg is a Dutch settlement where everybody drinks beer, that is, everybody drinks it who thinks it is right. My mother taught me it was wrong to drink beer, so I let it alone. There is a big Catholic church and a big country store in Sharpsburg, and these are about all. We went into the store. At the door was a clothes basket full of embroidery, and just think, ladies, it was only three cents a yard. There were piles of socks, gloves, and hats all along the floor. The counters were filled with prayer books, beads, underwear, fancy shirts, silks and satins, all heaped up like carpet rags. You waited on yourself, by jerking out anything you wanted and the shopkeepers wrapped it up. We went up stairs. There were no clerks, but, much joy! there was a long row of dolls resting their dear, curly heads on the hard floor. Christmas! Santa's home at last! You should have seen those boys of mine! The men found a pile of junk and they discovered all sorts of treasures among a lot of old files and saws and nails. We had a luncheon of cheese and crockers, orange cider and candy, then for home. My son, Edward, declares it was the North Pole and Santa's house we visited.—Audie, Indiana.

I am a newcomer to the M. G. R. and hope my letter may not land in the waste basket. Never having seen a letter from this part of the country, I am writing one, as I think it is nice to hear from all parts of the country, don't you?

We live in the northeastern part of New York state, and it is a very nice part. I do not think that any other state would suit me like old New York. We live a short distance from the town of Perrysburg, only a very little over two miles. The school house is just across the road. It is pretty near, but we have no children to go to it. Our house stands at four corners, so we do not miss many of the automobiles in the good old summer time. I think I will close and wish you all good night.—From an Old Farmer of Cattaraugus County, New York.

I have been longing to belong to your happy band. It seems to me that I am personally acquainted with you all, even Dear Elizabeth, for my mother has been taking The Blade ever since I can remember, and now I am what the 12-year-olds call an old maid.

I live with my parents on a large farm in East Tennessee. I like horseback riding; there's nothing so nice or so healthful as to leap on a good saddle horse and ride away through God's free air. It is so pleasant to live on a farm, in the summer, although there's lots of work to do, but I enjoy going to the pasture to bring my cows in. I can sing and I whistle if I want to. I am heartwhole and fancy free. It is so nice to be one's own "boss." That is, if one knows how to and will do the right thing always.

If I see this in print I shall come again. I like The Blade so much I raise a club every March, as that is when my time expires.—Auntie, the Farmer's Daughter, Tenn.

Dear readers of the M. R. G.—After being a reader for many years, I consider myself eligible to enter your happy circle. I hope I shall be welcome. I live among the mountains of the little mountain state, on a farm near the heart of the coal fields. I like country life best. It is so much loveller than to live in the city. One can travel along the sparkling streams and admire its ripples, and the ferns and mosses along its beautiful banks. The birds, singing among the branches of the trees make one feel glad.

The timber forests of our state are disappearing very fast. The coal and timber industry of West Virginia employ hundreds of work hands. Many of these leave their farms and go to work by the day to make a living when they could make a much better and easier one on the farm.

A good deal has been said about education for children. We, as teachers, should teach children to stay in the country on the farm. Too many think that an educated person must go to the city to live. But this is a great mistake. We must be educated to be good citizens any where, and the country needs good citizens as well as the city. Well I am staying too long, goodby. Country Bill, West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

At the present time of writing, it is too hot for utterance, therefore, I am just going to wish you well and let it go at that. Whether we be roasting or freezing, I always wish you well.—Elizabeth.

Letters to the M. G. R. have been received from H. Clint Wood, Miss Fla. Aligator, Gottlieb Mohr, C. W. McCormic, Ona of West Virginia, Elizabeth from Kentucky, West Virginia Mountain Girl, and A Happy Girl from North Georgia.

Well, here's hoping.

WATER FOR THE DOG

Human thoughtlessness is nowhere emphasized more sharply than in the general failure to provide better facilities for the relief of thirst among the animals of the city, observes the Denver Republican.

The city of Mexico has a law, almost a century old, requiring storekeepers and business men in general to keep pans of fresh water in the doorways of their business establishments for the relief of dogs. The law was secured through the efforts of the kind-hearted women of the city, and in consequence Mexico City never has a mad dog "scare," and hydrophobia is unknown and muzzles are unnecessary.

In enlightened America, in sharp contrast with "barbarous Mexico," when and where is provision made for man's friend, the dog? Only a small proportion of public drinking fountains are so constructed that dogs can drink from them, and the thirsty dog must wander disconsolately about until his sufferings become so acute that he is pronounced mad, and the usual tragedy is the result.

The matter is one that can be regulater without the aid of law. Let the householder spare a thought for the dog, as well as for the horse. A pan of water under the hydrant in the yard will be the means of preventing another one of those "scares" which speak so ill for public common sense. In summer never let the pan provided for the household pets be empty. One will be astonished, if he observes closely, at the number of times an animal will drink during the day.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

This day is for rest. Not only from labor, but from unpleasant thoughts. I shall feel kindly toward everyone today.

MONDAY

When work gets in a tangle, if we leave it for awhile and do something different, the tangle will almost untangle itself.

TUESDAY

I wish my children well. Therefore I must wish myself well, and act accordingly.

WEDNESDAY

The soft answer that turneth away wrath, is for me to use in my house and home.

THURSDAY

I wish this may be a day of pleasantness. I shall do all I can to make it so.

FRIDAY

It is not what I am so much, as it is what I do. Even the humblest may be great in performing well that which comes to his hands to do.

SATURDAY

The week is done. If I have made failures and mistakes, they are not beyond remedy. Next week I shall try to do better, and keep on trying every week that comes.—Elizabeth.

A SAFE LEAD

"I hear Lem Boggs Sundayed with ye, deacon?"

"Ya'as."

"Goin' to lose yer darter, eh?"

"I reckon, but not to Lem. Zeb Higgs Mondayed, Tuesdayed, Wednesdayed and Thursdayed with us. I judge Zeb is the lucky man."—From "Success Magazine."

POETS' CORNER

COVER THEM OVER

By Will Carleton.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky:
Faces once light with the smiles of the gay—
Faces now marred by the frown of decay.
Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own;
Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known;
Brows you have soothed in the day of distress;
Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress;
Faces that brightened at war's stirring cry;
Faces that streamed when they bade you good-by;
Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
Paling for naught, till the death angel came.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover;
Kiss in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hands that are resting half-tried,
Crossed on the bosom or low by the side:
Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;
Hands that you, father, close hid in your own;
Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
Hung for protection, and counsel, and aid;
Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness knew;
Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu.
Bravely the cross of their country they bore;
Words of devotion they wrote with their gore;
Grandly they grasped for a garland of light,
Catching the mantel of death-darkened night.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the feet that, all weary and torn,
Hither by comrades were tenderly borne:
Feet that have trodden through love-lighted ways,
Near to your own, in the old happy days;
Feet that have pressed, in life's opening morn,
Roses of pleasure and death's poisoned thorn.
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,
Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight.
Ne'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp
Summon them forth from their death-guarded camp;
Ne'er till Eternity's bugle shall sound,
Will they come out from their couch in the ground.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Rough were the paths of these heroes of ours—
Now cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were borne but to die;
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray;
Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away;
Hearts that beat high in the charge's loud tramp;
Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp.
Once they were swelling with courage and will,
Now they are lying all pulseless and still;
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now the great souls have gone soaring above.
Bravely their blood to the Nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Press to your hearts these dead heroes of ourrs,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

One there is, sleeping, in yonder low tomb,
Worthy the brightest of flow'rets that bloom.
Weakness of womanhood's life was her part;
Tenderly strong was her generous heart.
Bravely she stood by the sufferer's side,
Checking the pain and the life-bearing tide;
Fighting the swift-sweeping phantom of death,
Easing the dying man's fluttering breath.
Then when the strife that had nerved her was o'er,
Calmly she went to where wars are no more.
Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb;
Voices will bless her in long years to come.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Blessings, like angels, around her shall hover:
Treasure the name of that sister of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the thousands that sleep far away—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them today;
They who in mountain and hilliside and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'er head,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother and lover:
Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

When the long years have crept slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When the Archangel's trumpet and tread
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
When the great world its last judgment awaits;
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the Great Captain for final review—
Then for the blood that has flown in the right,
Crowns shall be given, untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ear of each warmartyred son.
Proudly shall hear the good judgment, "Well done."
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
God will reward these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

A NEW ARRIVAL

George W. Cable.

There came to port last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft.
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked and laughed.
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter

Yet by these presents, witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love
And common meter rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds,
My daughter, O my daughter

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones, too,
Ring out the lover's moon
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon
Ring out the muse Ring in the nurse
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter!

THE PASSING OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By Robert Gilbert Welsh.

The veteran, drowsing at his door,
Smiles faintly when the breath of spring
Turns back his thoughts to youth once more;
On old campaigns his dream takes wing,
And as he moves with old-time zest
With comrades that he used to know
He smoothes the ribbon on his breast
And whispers of the long ago

"You don't recall my cousin, Jim?
Well, he was nigh as old as me,
But I was so much bigger'n him,
I whacked him once across my knee
If I could call Jim back again
From where he sleeps on Malvern Hill
I guess I'd let him start right in
And whack me till he had his fill

"Them southern chaps, they lost the game;
Doomed to defeat, them boys in gray
But lemme tell you, jest the same,
They made a great fight anyway
It's queer how things get straightened out at last
That once were tangled in a web—
The south forgits the bitter past,
And we shake hands with John Reb!

"I oan't forgit that awful fight
When we got licked at Chancellorsville;
I lay there groaning through the night
Shot in the head, nigh crasy, till
At daybreak, hopin' I might die,
I cussed my God, and groaned a blessed—
Then Johnny Reb, a-passing by,
Gev me a drink and bound my head

"There ain't no more of blue or gray
It's all forgot, the war is past;
But I tell you, on judgment day,
When all accounts is squared at last
I'll watch for Johnny—yes, sirree!
And I'll sing out: 'Lord, here's a man
Forgave and loved his enemy!'
Give Johnny Reb the best you can!

POEMS REQUESTED.

The poem entitled The Incheape Rock is wanted.

The verses called Mammoth Cave, Kentucky are asked for. Lines beginning to it are: From whence cometh aid, whither goeth none on earth can tell.

The song which has these words wanted: When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars.

The poem, 'Cause He Didn't Think is wanted. It begins:
One a trap was baited with a piece cheese.

The song which begins with the words is asked for: "In the bright sunny south, where, in peace and content."

Has any reader of The Blade the words of the song beginning:
O let me sing tonight, mother,
The song I used to sing.

Can anyone send the song, Is There Any Room In Heaven for a Little Girl Like Me

Another song wanted is The Farmer's Girls, beginning:
Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day.

These two poems are wanted: When the Swallows Homeward Fly and Home Is Not Merely Four Square Walls.

FOR THE CHILDREN

LITTLE JIM'S DREAM

Little Jim was a poor boy. He had no home, no brothers or sisters, and worst of all, he had no parents to love and take care of him. When his mother died, she left a small sum of money with a half brother of her's whom the boy stayed with. He spent the money for liquor. He was a drunkard. He would whip the little boy lots of times for nothing when he was drunk.

It was Thanksgiving Day and Jim was eight years old that day. His uncle had given him a whipping and sent him to bed without any supper that night. When he got to his bed in the old, cold attic, he fell asleep soon after and dreamed a beautiful dream. He thought he was in a rich man's house and saw a table with lots of good things to eat on it. There were lots of children sitting around it. They gave him good things to eat, but the dream did not last long. He awoke. It was midnight. He waited until early in the morning and he got out of bed, climbed out of the window and went down a ladder. He took some clothes which was not much. He went down the road to a town. When he got there it was daylight. He got a job. He was as a bootblack. He made quite a bit of money. He sold some papers for a while and made enough money to get some clothes and go to school. When he grew to be a man he was a teacher. His uncle came very sick and begged him to come back home for he was sorry he had been so mean to him. His uncle got a new home. The teacher did go home. He taught school there in a country school house. His uncle was very good to him after that.—Kitten, Oregon.

As this is a beautiful summer morning, I thought I would write to the Blade a few lines. My grandpa has taken it for quite a while. I have been living in Louisville, Kentucky, for the past five years, but am at my grandpa's in the country, now. I have two playmates, Dexter, Jessie and Ruth, and a sister in the city. Her name is Lucile. I am a boy nine years old and have brown hair and blue eyes. We live about half a mile from the post office, two stores, three blacksmith shops, three churches and two mills. One mill is gasoline and the other is steam. We have daily mail and telephone.—Pawnee, Kentucky.

Gold Spectacles Free

DON'T SEND ME A CENT

When you answer this announcement, I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux Famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them thread the smallest eyed needle you can hold of and put them to any test you like your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and entirely convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting pair you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep the wonderful pair forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to grant me this favor, write me at once and just say:

"Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold-filled Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give you your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

N. B.—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle house in the world and is perfectly reliable.

WOMAN AS CHIEF

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young Made Head of Educational Association.

Boston, July 7.—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, defeated Z. X. Snyder, principal of the Colorado State Normal School, for president of the National Educational association today by a vote of 617 to 376, the question being on the substitution of Mrs. Young's name for that of Mr. Snyder in the report of the committee on nominations.

The convention immediately took up the question of substituting the minority report for that of the majority. This action brought the contest directly between Mrs. Young and Mr. Snyder, each of whom had a determined following among the delegates.

Z. X. Snyder, of Colorado, had been recommended for the presidency by the nominating committee, but the convention deliberately bolted the committee's will.

Frisco Wants Meet.

San Francisco is the only place which has been prominently mentioned for the next convention. The association voted to hold the 1906 convention in San Francisco, and the local committee was even making arrangements for the great assembly up to the night before the earthquake.

The disaster necessitated the transfer of the convention. This year a delegation headed by Alfred Reconovieri, superintendent of schools, came to Boston by direction of the citizens of San Francisco, and urged that the next convention be held at the Golden Gate, and today Mr. Roncovieri laid the claims of his city before the convention. A vote on the question was expected in the afternoon.

The report of the majority of the nominating committee in favor of Mr. Snyder was taken across Copely Square to the New Old South church, and at noon was presented to the annual meeting of the convention by D. B. Johnson, of South Carolina.

CASKET BURNS—BODY SAVED

Children on Death Watch Accidentally Start Fire.

Pittsburg, July 8.—Startled by crackling flames from the slumber which had overcome them while keeping a death watch beside the body of a baby brother, the two children of John Kronosky, of Sharpsburg, found the baby's casket afire yesterday. Flames from the candles about the bier had set fire to the palms amid which the coffin rested and the blaze was fast consuming it when the children fled to give the alarm.

Firemen took the corpse from the burning casket which was destroyed with much of the furniture. The parents say the fire was started by one of the children trying to rearrange some paper flowers and that a candle was upset.

UNCLE SAM AUCTIONS FOOD

New Plan Actually Reduces Cost of Living.

Washington, July 8.—The cost of living is being reduced in a practical manner at the department of agriculture where all the food tested by the bureau of chemistry, and found to be pure is sold to the highest bidder every Friday during the noon hour.

Cheese and olemargarine, which had been found up to the standard of excellence, were sold. Clerks of the department, who watch for these weekly opportunities were there in large numbers and bid in the supplies as fast as they were offered.

The prices accepted for these articles were about half those which prevailed in the stores.

STAYS HOME TO BE MARRIED

President Brown's Daughter Prefers Husband to Trip.

New York, July 11.—Rather than a trip to Europe and a big wedding in the fall, Miss Margaret H. Brown, daughter of William C. Brown, president of the New York Central railroad, chose a home wedding to take place as early as her parents could arrange for it and a honeymoon in the Adirondacks, where two years ago she met George S. Patterson, whose name she now bears.

The young couple were married yesterday in the home of Mr. Brown here by the Rev. Dr. Cookman, of St. Thomas' church. The wedding was quiet, only the bride's parents and Mr. Patterson's father, C. M. Patterson, banker and manufacturer of Charlotte, N. C., being present.

HENS GOOD TO STORAGE MEN

In Four States They Lay 45,000,000 Eggs Since April.

Chicago, July 8.—Hens of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio have since April laid 45,000,000 eggs for the cold storage man, according to farmers who have sold their product to representatieves of Chicago cold storage houses. The eggs will not be put on the market until tere is a scarcity.

The purchases were made at an average price of 23½ to 24 cents a dozen. Two cents a dozen is added to cover insurance, storage costs, etc., which brings the total cost up to about 26 cents a dozen.

If eggs can be retailed in Chicago next winter at 45 cents a dozen, at which they were sold last winter, there will be a profit of 19 cents a dozen, or a total of more than $700,000.

OPERATION CURES MURDERER

Violent Tendencies Gone Since Pressure on Brain Is Removed.

Columbus, July 7.—The operation on John McGrew, life prisoner at the penitentiary, is a success. McGrew, who killed his sweetheart in Cleveland, has always maintained that pressure on the brain from an old wound makes him irresponsible. He declared he had no knowledge of his crime. He asked that the pressure be removed, and the penitentiary surgeons performed the operation. They found a piece of the skull was pressing on the brain, and it was removed.

Since that time, three weeks ago, McGrew has been getting better. Apparently he has recovered his mental faculties. He now is bright and cheerful and says he is anxious to obey the prison rules. Before the operation he frequently was violent and made the officials much trouble.

Surgeons say it is not unlikely he committed his crime while suffering from temporary insanity, and it is thought an effort will be made by Cleveland friends to secure an early pardon.

KIEV SITUATION GETS WORSE

Berlin, July 7.—The situation of the Jews at Kiev is becoming worse. According to dispatches to the Jewish Aid society the hostile mob is becoming dangerous in Slobodskoi, a suburb of Vyatka. Organized bands frequently attack the Israelites. Six have been severely injured and a large number slightly injured, but no deaths are reported. The Jewish population is terrorized in all quarters by threats and abuse.

tee of 25 members, some from each branch, which will carry on the work of the Federation.

Woman Who Heads N. E. A.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG.

HERE COMES A CRISIS

Upton Sinclair Sees Grim Trouble Ahead.

Arden, Del., July 8.—Upton Sinclair, the novelist, came out of his camp in the edge of Arden forest last night to tell the summercolony of this progressive single tax Utopia that he still stands by his famous prophecy of "the coming crisis" made seven years ago, but with certain modifications.

"It seems to me that our next crisis is coming in three years, at the outside," said Sinclair. "We have been accustomed to have panics every ten years, but the last panic was an artificial one, due to the fact that Mr. Morgan happened to quarrel with two or three men in New York. He brought about this panic deliberately in order to put these men out of business. So we had our last readjustment slightly ahead of time and it was slight because it was premature. We are due to get the next one very quickly.

"There is only one end to our economic process if I have analyzed it correctly. The result must be a social change or else the people will be wiped out of existence."

BRIDE'S AIM IS BAD

Nearly Kills Man While Shooting at Target.

Catskill, N. Y., July 7.—R. E. Ford, of New York, and his bride came to the Laurel house last Thursday to spend their honeymoon in the Catskill mountains, but it was brought to a sudden termination on Sunday when Mrs. Ford came near killing David Davis, a piano player at the Antlers, a hotel near by.

Mrs. Ford was very anxious to become an expert pistol shot and was delighted at what she thought the lack of danger of injuring any person in the mountains and woods surrounding the hotel. She and her husband had practiced Saturday, and Sunday morning they were out again shooting at a mark. The husband, not being so enthusiastic as she, sat on a rock and was reading a paper.

Mrs. Ford placed a board in the branch of a small tree for target. She had shot many times, but she missed the target and was surprised to hear a groan and fall. Thinking it was some animal, her husband began a search and a short distance from the tree found Davis on the ground insensible and bleeding badly from a wound in the hip.

Ford carried the man to the road and summoned a physician who said the wound was serious. Ford made arrangements to have the wounded man receive all the necessary medical attention, and he and his wife, who was hysterical and barely able to travel, left for New York.

Long Bridge Spans.

Chicago Tribune.

The long span of concrete bridge over the Wissahickon at Philadelphia is not long to hold the distinction of the largest structure of the kind. Its span is 233 feet, and the Rocky River bridge of 280 clear span is now under construction at Cleveland.

A bridge having a central span of 281 has been designed for Spokane to carry Monroe street across the Spokane River. A span of 285 feet has been adopted to carry the New York barge canal over a gorge in the vicinity of Medina, N. Y. A bridge recently placed under contract by the civic authorities of Rome will cross the Tiber with a span 328 feet. The cost of this bridge has been estimated at $250,000. A bridge comparable with it in every respect is now more than half finished at Auckland, New Zealand. It has a total length of 910 feet and its main feature is a span of 320 feet, which will carry a forty foot roadway at an elevation of 147 feet above the ground below.

Profaning the Grammar.

Today's Magazine.

Katie, a five-year-old resident of Boston, ran to her father one morning, exclaiming, "Father, brother Harold swore!"

"Swore, did he?" inquired the parent, grimly reaching for his slipper. "What did he say?"

"He said 'ain't,'" responded Katie, solemnly.

KNOCKS DOWN IDOLS

N. E. A. Breaks All Precedents in Treatment of Old Questions.

Boston, July 9.—Marked by the first election of a woman as president and by the overruling of the prejudice against nominations from the floor, the 48th annual convention of the National Educational association ended here tonight.

Not only was the convention revolutionary in its method of selecting Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, to the presidency of the association, but some of the speakers at the department meetings during the week gave expression to extremely radical ideas.

President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, made an unqualified denunciation of football as a college sport, characterizing the game as "a mixture of brutality and pugilism, fit only for the sordid to view and the brute to play."

Wants Practical Studies.

William McAndrew, principal of the Washington Irving high school, New York, vigorously protested against the present day high school curriculum. He derided ancient history and the scanning of Latin verse and advocated the teaching of things more useful in daily life.

Pleas were made by other speakers for the establishment of more practical courses in high and secondary schools. It was demanded by some that agricultural courses be introduced in the country schools, not as a theory, but in a practical manner. One of the speakers declared that the agricultural colleges were so theoretical that they do not teach the common service of the farm.

The Carnegie foundation was attacked by one speaker as the greatest educational monopoly in the world. The suggestion was made and well supported that the compulsory school age be fixed at 16 years.

WANTS HIS EAR BACK

Injured Sailor Identifies the Man Who Cut Him.

Buffalo, July 9.—"Where is my ear?" Edward Frazer, the non-union sailor whose ear was severed and sent to President Harry Coulby, of the Pittsburg Steamship Co., sat up in his cot at a hospital last night and screamed this question at Michael McCarthy, 34 years old, a dock laborer, who was brought before him for identification by the police. Frazer is sure McCarthy is one of the men who gave him the terrible slashing ten days ago.

A charge of mayhem and robbery was placed against McCarthy.

Notable Trees of an English Garden.

Kew Bulletin.

It is a considerable distinction for a garden to possess the finest specimen in the kingdom of even one kind of tree, but Claremont has within its boundaries four or five for which precedence may be claimed over all others of the same species in the British Isles. Claremont, as is generally known, is now the residence of the duchess of Albany.

Gymnocladus canadensis (Kentucky coffee tree) is represented by the finest specimen in the British Isles. It is over 60 feet high, and its trunk is seven feet in girth. Sassafras officinale, with a trunk girting seven feet two inches and a height of about 50 feet, is the only fine specimen in the kingdom. Magnolia macrophylla, whose extraordinary leaves are often two feet to two and a half feet long and nine inches or ten inches wide, is 40 to 45 feet high and the trunk two feet eleven inches in girth. This tree is exceedingly rare in Britain, and no other approaches these dimensions. A specimen of redwood Sequoia sempervirens) is over 10 feet high and its trunk is thirteen feet seven inches in girth, clothed from base to summit with branches and forming a slender pyramid. These four trees are unrivalled in our islands.

The Very Worst.

"What's the worst advice you ever got?"

"A friend told me to use my own judgment."

WELCOME RAIN COMES

Drought Is Broken Just in Time to Save More Damage.

Columet, Mich., July 8—Heavy rains here last night broke the prolonged drought and extinguished the forest fires in numerous parts of this district.

The worst of these fires ranged for five miles along the shore of Lake Superior west of the village of Ontonagon. All lumber mills were shut down yesterday to permit the men to fight the flames.

T. A. Green, of the Greenwood Lumber Co., estimates the loss to his company from forest fires at $18,000. Other companies also have suffered heavily. Homesteaders who have been driven into Ontonagon during the past few days will now return to their homes.

Whole Town Threatened.

Houghton, Mich., July 8.—Fanned by a 65-mile gale, which blew for an hour and a half last night, dangerous forest fires are threatening the town of Ripley, near Hancock.

Fierce forest and grass fires are raging in the vicinity of Ontonagon, driving people from home, causing destruction to small settlements, timber lands and farms. Great damage has already been done. The front of the fire measures more than four miles.

Driven by a 30-miles gale from the northwest, smoke from fires on the Canadian shore of Lake Superior covers the entire lake. Fires in the vicinity of Ahmeek have been checked.

All of the district north of Greenwoods is ablaze, and crews of men are fighting the flames, which threaten the village.

Child Thrown Through Flames.

Menominee, Mich., July 8.—Fire destroyed three downtown business places here yesterday. Families living over the shops lost their furniture and were rescued by means of ladders. The life of a crippled daughter of Louis Porter was saved by her mother, who threw the child through a blazing stairway into a neighbor's arms. The little one was unhurt.

Wisconsin Town Is Surrounded.

St. Paul, Minn., July 8.—Widespread forest fires already have done much damage in northwestern Wisconsin and are becoming more threatening all the time. The town of Riblake is almost surrounded by flames and aid has been asked from Medford.

The villages of Chelsea and Ogeema also are threatened and near the latter place a lumber mill and 300,000 feet of lumber were burned, the loss being $100,000.

Three families lost everything near Prentice, and there are reports of a number of lumber mills and small buildings being burned. The district has been without rain for nearly eight weeks.

DICK UNDER FIRE

Ohio Senator Said to Have $200,000.00 in a Company Which is Seeking Government Contract.

New York, July 11.—The American today says: "Marked preference of the United States postoffice department for the Universal Pneumatic Transmission Co., of No. 1 Union Square, this city, has led to an investigation in which it develops that one of the most prominent stockholders is United States Senator Charles Dick, member of the state committee on postoffices and post roads.

"The discovery, it is believed, will result not only in an official investigation, but will have a far-reaching effect on the Ohio political situation.

"The authority for the statement that the Ohio senator is heavily interested in the company and has advanced its interests is William H. Dinspel, inventor of a tube which is designed to transmit large parcels and ultimately human passengers, and who also is in charge of office in this city.

"Dinspel admitted that the senator owns $200,000 worth of the $5,000,000 of stock, $10,000 of which he got by cash payment. How the balance of his holdings was obtained is not revealed. At a recent session of congress an act passed the house and was reported for passage in the senate, authorizing the postmaster general to advertise for the construction in Cincinnati of double lines of pneumatic tubes, 30 inches in diameter, for transmission of mail packages between the postoffice and the Union depot. The bill is now in the senate committee of postoffices and post roads.

"Early in 1909 representatives of the company from this city opened negotiations with the postoffice department, with a view to installing tubes to be operated by vacuum (suction) process in Cincinnati. After investigation the commission was appointed, consisting of the postmasters of six cities in which pneumatic tube service is now in operation. The commission reported back February 1, 1910, favoring the company's proposal.

"Under date of March 11 Postmaster General Hitchcock submitted this report to Senator Penrose, chairman of the senate committee on postoffices, together with a letter indorsing commission's finding and recommending the passage of the act authorizing the installation of the service.

"Dick appears to have become a stockholder about that time. He became a director soon after, and later resigned, but he still holds stock. He is a member of the senate committee, to which the bill was referred."

JAPS ARE BUSY DIGGING COAL

Working Mines Which Were Won From Russia.

Berlin, July 8.—Baron Mumm Von Schartzenstein, the German ambassador to Japan, who has returned from a tour of investigation in Korea and south Manchuria, records among other remarkable evidences of Japanese activity that 2,500 tons of coal are being taken daily from the Fushun mines which Japan acquired by the Portsmouth treaty.

Only three shafts had been sunk into a coal seam 140 feet thick when the ambassador visited the mines. Two others are nearly ready and a total production of 7,000 tons per day is expected. Baron Mumm says that the Antung-Mukden railway of 170 miles, which is being converted from a narrow military road to the normal gauge, will be finished in the autumn of 1913.

WHERE IS PROCTER?

Wife of Soap Magnate Loses Husband and Perhaps Some Stock.

New York, July 9.—If anybody here has seen Percy Proctor, whose family is in the soap company of Proctor & Gamble, information concerning him will be thankfully received by his wife, whom he failed to meet when she crossed the ocean at his instance, she says, and whom she sought in vain among his people in Cincinnati all through June. She has now come here to direct search for him from the Hotel Grenoble.

For a pair of newlyweds the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, since they were married in London last October, have been peculiar. They went for a honeymoon to Mentone, on the Riviera. That had been their first meeting place in the preceding year when he was a widower, calling himself 56, and she 25 and the wife of Baron de Klifuss, who had a villa there.

About the beginning of February, in the fourth month of their marital romance, Mrs. Proctor received an unsigned telegram informing her that Mr. Proctor had departed. He had, in fact, started home, and when he reached Cincinnati action was begun in one of the courts there to recover 100 shares of Proctor & Gamble stock from a Russian lawyer named Wickoff in London, with whom the stock had been placed by Mrs. Proctor to sell for her account. That action is pending.

Death Saved Divorce.

Mrs. Proctor has a paper purporting to be a copy of an exchange between herself and her husband several months before their marriage, in which he pledged with her the 100 shares, indorsing it over and placing it in her possession. The paper recites that the income from the stock was to be hers on condition that she obtain a divorce from Baron de Klifuss, to whom she had been married at the age of 16.

Tuberculosis saved the trouble of divorce and when the widow married Mr. Proctor the stock, she claims, was passed by him to her outright as a dot. Her appraisal of it was $40,000. She says he promised her also an additional $40,000.

"No one can make me think," she said last night to a reporter, "that Mr. Proctor remains away from me of his own will on account of the 100 shares of stock. He knew on our wedding day that I had passed the certificate over to Mr. Wickoff.

But No Mr. Proctor.

"When I arrived by the Mauretania on May 23, I could not understand his failure to meet me. I happened to have a letter of introduction to Mr. Carmony, a lawyer in Broadway. He gave me a letter to his brothers, who are lawyers in Cincinnati.

"When I reached that city I tried to find Mr. Proctor, but could not. Neither his family nor his lawyer would meet me. I became ill and had to go to a hospital. When I came out I felt that I must have my interests protected. The lawyers to whom I had an introduction did so."

Mrs. Proctor is a very cersatile and vivacious young woman. By birth she is Russian, her father, Gregor Wengeroff, and her mother, both being physicians in St. Petersburg. She has certificates as a practitioner in Carlsbad. She has a daughter, Leonie, by Baron De Klifuss.

"My marriage has made me American, but my child," she says proudly, "is a baroness."

Mrs. Proctor intends to go again to Cincinnati for the hearing in the stock transfer case appointed for next week. Should she then fail to meet or get trace of Mr. Proctor, she will try to adjust her affairs so that she may return to Europe this summer.

Mr. Proctor's age, which he gave to his wife and to the marriage registrar in London, does not conform to ideas on that subject in Cincinnati, where he is believed to be close to 70.

TWO AVIATORS BREAK RECORDS IN FRANCE

Betheny Plain, July 8.—Two aviators broke the records for 150 kilometres at the meeting here today. Hubert Latham covered the distance in 2 hours, 1 minute, 6 seconds, and afterward the Belgian Olieslager did it in 1 hour, 58 minutes, 20 seconds.

CRAWLS INTO MAYOR'S HOME

Indianapolis, Ind., July 11.—Abraham Kadie, a Syrian, crawled on his hands and knees into the home of Mayor Samuel L. Shank early Sunday and asked for an interview. He was arrested on suspicion of having aims on the mayor's life.

Mr. Shank was noticeably disturbed by the Syrian's visit and expressed the belief that there might be something back of Kadie's actions other than a mere desire to see him personally. The Syrian carried no weapons.

10,000 WELCOME J. J.

Prize Fighter Given Ovation in New York.

New York, July 11.—Jack Johnson came to town today.

The negro friends of the world's champion heavyweight fighter had scattered thousands of dodgers through the "black belts" which read:

"To every colored man, woman and child in Greater New York:

"Be at the Grand Central station at 9:30 o'clock Monday morning and let us all shake the glad hand of the stalwart athlete, the greatest of the 20th century.

"Come any way you can. Come in vehicles or on foot. All be there."

"And I reckon they're all here," said Jack Johnson, as he alighted from the 20th century limited and radiated his "golden smile" on a density of negro citizenry that not only filled the station, but nearly blocked the streets besides. Over 10,000 negroes welcomed Johnson.

Train 5 Hours Late.

The fact that the train was nearly five hours late because of a wreck near Albany did not dull the edge of Johnson's greeting. The police, fearing trouble, refused a permit for a parade, but there were a score or more of automobiles on hand to escort Johnson to the hotel of a friend, where a reception was held.

There was a lusty cheer when Johnson emerged from his car and a rush to shake the champion's hand. Some of the employes in the new Grand Central station surrounded Johnson and grasped his hand. A squad of police formed a guard for the fighter and escorted him to a waiting automobile.

Johnson beamed his broadest smile on the cheering thousands as his automobile bore him away.

And the Cat Came Back.

Everybody's Magazine.

Mr. Penn—"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?"

Mr. Hub—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

"That must be embarrassing"

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

The Overland

Cut shows the $1,000 Overland—25 horsepower—102-inch wheel base. Same car with toy tonneau costs $1,100.

The 40-horsepower Overlands cost from $1,250 to $1,500, according to style of body, etc. The wheel base is 112 inches.

By Far the Most For the Money

No other Automobile gives nearly so much as the Overland gives for the money. That is why Overlands outsell the rest.

It will take 20,000 cars to supply this year's demand for Overlands. One reason lies in the car's matchless simplicity. The car is almost trouble-proof.

Another reason lies in the pedal control. One goes forward or backward, fast or slow, by simply pushing the pedals. A child can master the car in ten minutes.

But the main reason is that the Overland gives the most for the money. No other car, in this respect, will even attempt to compete with it.

How It Is Done

The work that used to be done by hand is done in our shops by automatic machinery. Over $3,000,000 has been invested to make these cars as we make them.

These marvelous machines give us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. Human hands were never so exact. Yet each of them does many times as much work as ever was done in the old way.

There are myriads of these machines—rows upon rows of them. Some were invented by our own engineers. Each affords us a saving on one or more parts. And the sum of that saving—on the thousands of parts which go into a car—is a very large item indeed.

Enormous Capacity

Another large economy lies in our enormous production. We often turn out 140 cars in a day.

There is no skimping on these cars, no hurrying, no slighting. The various parts of each car are subjected to more than ten thousand inspections.

Each separate part is tested. Each combination is tested. Then each finished car is tested on the road until our experts pronounce the car utterly perfect.

But our overhead expense, divided by such a production, is but a small sum per car.

By these up-to-date methods we have cut the cost of Overlands 20 per cent in the past year alone.

Note the Results

We are this year selling a 25-horsepower Overland, with a 102-inch wheel base, for $1,000—gas lamps and magneto included. This is a big, powerful car, with a possible speed of 50 miles an hour.

We are selling a 40-horsepower Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250. The prices of Overlands run to $1,500, according to style of body, etc.

You can see this difference in value if you will simply compare the Overland with other cars.

Ask for the Facts

Every man should know about the Overland—the most popular car in existence. Our new catalog tells all the facts and pictures all the styles. Cut out this coupon, now—before you forget it—and we will mail you complete information. We will also tell you the nearest place where you can see the cars. We have dealers in 800 towns.

The Willys-Overland Co. J. 47
Toledo, Ohio
Licensed Under Selden Patent
Please send me the catalog free.

(91)

CRY LET US ALONE

Central American States Don't Want U. S. to Interfere.

Washington, July 7.—The Latin-American worm is about to turn; the cafe au lait gentlemen below the tropic of cancer are about to tell the United States to keep hands off and let them fight their battles as they will and when they will.

That at least three and perhaps more of the Central and South American republics will make a concerted protest of some kind at the coming international conference of American states at Buenos Ayres against the Central American policy of the United States is the possibility being discussed in diplomatic circles here.

Rumors Won't Down.

Rumors to this effect have been persistent of late in quarters usually well informed, and some responsible Latin-American representatives admitted their approximate truth, though none would permit himself to be quoted. The rumors have led to lively exchange of information among the Central and South American diplomats here. Officials of the state department are known to be watching the situation closely.

Some of the more radical of the Spanish-Americans are said to be in favor of a Latin-American alliance against the United States. It is generally conceded, however, that formal action of this nature is unlikely.

Won't Stand for Intervention.

The most that can be regarded as probable is that the republics interested will give the United States to understand diplomatically that the principles represented in the attitude of this government on the east coast of Nicaragua will not be accepted willingly as part of the official proceedings of the conference; it will probably be left to the unofficial work of the assembly.

Notwithstanding the recent statement by the Venezuelan government on the subject, it is still reported here that the Venezuelan delegates will be leaders in protesting against the attitude of the United States and that at least two other governments will share the responsibility of the movement.

Capital in Doubt.

Doubts exists in Washington as to just what steps of the American government have been distasteful to the sister republics. The only concrete point mentioned in this connection was first phrased by Madriz, president of the government at Managua, when he protested against the action of American marines in preventing an attack by the Madriz forces upon the city of Bluefields. This was done on the ground that American interests are extensive there and followed the precedent of the British government in prohibiting fighting in Graytown on similar grounds. Later the Venus was prohibited by American officials from firing on Bluefields.

"According to international law," said Madriz in a note to the American consul at Managua, "no neutral government may impede or disturb in time of war legitimate military operations of belligerents."

HELP WANTED.

Government Employes Wanted—$600 to $1,500. Fall examinations everywhere. Preparation free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. W.32, Rochester, N. Y.

SLEUTHS EYE WEDDING

Mrs. Gould Married to Sugar Magnate's Nephew.

New York, July 11.—Mrs. Helen Kelly-Gould and Ralph Hill Thomas, nephew of Washington Thomas, president of the American Sugar Refining Co., were quietly married today in Mrs. Gould's apartments on Park avenue, by the Rev. Dr. Webster, of the Brick Presbyterian church. Joseph Thomas, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and the bride was given away by her mother, Mrs. Edmund Kelly.

The wedding party was confined to the immediate friends of the couple. According to the present plans, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will sail for Europe Tuesday.

Hired by Gould.

The presence of the Frank J. Gould children—little Helen, Margaret and Dorothy—at the wedding and the fact that nine detectives, who admitted they were in the pay of Frank Gould, watched the house, gave rise to a report that the father of the children had issued instructions not to let the children accompany the newly wedded couple abroad.

FINDS COOK'S RECORDS

Miner Says Tube Was Still on Mt. McKinley.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 6.—P. J. Carrigan, an able seaman and placer miner, who arrived in Colorado Springs a few days ago, yesterday said that he had climbed Mount McKinley and found there the copper tube and records left by Dr. Cook to establish the latter's alleged ascent of the mountain.

Carrigan's story is regarded by John R. Bradley, Dr. Cook's former backer, as sufficiently plausible to warrant careful investigation.

BLIND HORSE JUMPS IN BED

Vincennes, Ind., July 6.—A blind horse frightened by the explosion of a cannon early yesterday, ran away, threw its driver, Wayne Bunting out of the buggy, fatally injuring him, plunged through a window of the home of Mrs. Anna Dugger, and fell on a bed, in which Mrs. Dugger and her daughter were sleeping.

Mrs. Dugger and her daughter were seriously bruised and both were shocked into hysteria before the men of the neighborhood attracted by the crash and the screams of the women, could drag the frantic horse out of the house.

RIVER STEAMER HITS BOTTOM, NINETY PASSENGERS ESCAPE

St. Louis, July 11.—The river steamer Cape Girardeau struck a snag and sank to the bottom of the Mississippi river early today at Turkey Island, 50 miles south of here.

Ninety passengers were aboard and all were taken ashore safely.

The boat was returning from Commerce, Mo. Many of the passengers were women and children. They were asleep when the boat hit an obstruction. The alarm was given by Captain William H. Leythe.

The pasengers crowded on the decks and as members of the crew quieted them, they were taken to shore. Later they were brought to St. Louis by train.

The Cape Girardeau was built in Madison, Ind., in 1899. She was 250 feet long and carried a crew of 45. The boat is owned by the Eagle Packet Co., of St. Louis.

On the evening of May 11 the steamboat City of Saltillo struck a snag and went to the bottom of the Mississippi river, 15 miles below St. Louis. Twelve persons were drowned.

Pilots John Stout and John Street, as soon as the boat hit the snag, headed the prow toward the shore. The boat sank close to the bank of the river soon after the passengers left. One side was submerged.

The pasengers walked from the boat on the gang plank.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT

We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lack of Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 100 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 7, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

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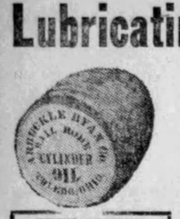

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Samples of any four of our oils free on request. Send 6 cts in stamps to pay postage.

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The Largest Mail Order Oil House in the United States.

DENIES HE HAS STOCK

Statement About Tube Company Issued by Dick.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, July 12.—A Washington special to the American today says: William H. Dinspel stated last evening that Senator Dick retired from the directorate of the Universal Pneumatic Transmission Co. when it applied to congress for permission to try its tubes in the streets of Cincinnati. He named Frederick C. Bryan of this city, a law partner of Senator Dick, as the senator's successor on the board of directors of the Universal company.

Senator Dick says he has no law partner and has not practiced law since his election to congress.

Mr. Bryan refused to discuss the affairs of the company or his connection with it. He denied he was a law partner of Dick and said he did not know Dick was a stockholder in the company.

It was pointed out by legal officers of the government that contracts could be awarded to the Universal Pneumatic Transmission Co., even though Dick were a stockholder in that company. Section 3739 of the Revised Code, federal states, provides that no member of congress shall be interested financially in any contract with the government, and any such contract shall be void. But section 3740 provides that such contracts shall be valid when made with an incorporated company, even though members of congress shall share in the profits as stockholders.

Dick's Statement.

Senator Dick's statement is as follows:

"Regarding the charge in this morning's New York American that I am financially interested in a government contract in Cincinnati for pneumatic tube service, I desire to say the bill which has passed the House, and is now with the committee on postoffices and post roads of the senate, is merely an enabling act which permits the installation of a plant operating mail tubes between the postoffice and the Union station in Cincinnati, free of cost to the United states, and is in the nature of an experiment. The installation is offered by a company in Cincinnati. I do not know who its directors or stockholders are.

"It is sufficient for the purpose of this statement to say I am not now, and never was, either a director or stockholder in said company, or otherwise interested.

"As to the Universal Pneumatic Transmission company, and my connection therewith, when I became a stockholder the company was engaged in purely commercial business. After it had developed its devices sufficient to justify the hope that these appliances might be used in the transportation of mail matter and the company sought to invite the attention of the government to their use, I retired from the board of directors and disposed of my holdings in the concern.

"Regarding my professional relations, I will say that since my election to Congress I have not engaged in the practice of law and have had no law partner. "CHARLES DICK."

WANT EQUAL RIGHTS PLANK

Negroes Want National One Embodied in Ohio Platform.

Cadiz, July 12.—A committee of negro voters of eastern Ohio waited upon Congressman D. A. Hollingsworth yesterday and asked him, as chairman of the Harrison county delegation to the Republican state convention, to introduce for the consideration of the committee on resolutions the following plank copied from the last national Republican platform:

"We demand equal justice for all men without regard to race or color. We declare once more and without reservation for the enforcement in letter and spirit of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution, which were designed for the protection and advancement of the negro, and we condemn all devices which have for their real aim his disfranchisement, and that for reason of color alone, as unfair, un-American, and repugnant to the supreme law of the land."

CHILDREN CAN'T EAT THESE

Marshal Seizes 4,500,000 Unfit Ice Cream Cones.

New York, July 12.—Four and a half million ice cream cones were seized today by U. S. Marshal Henkel as a part of the campaign being waged by the government under the pure food act. It is alleged the cones contain boracic acid and are injurious to health. The seizure is the second within a few days and was made on the pier of the Southern Pacific railway. The cones were to be shipped to Galveston, Texas, by the Consolidated Wafer Co., of this city.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TO-CHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3838 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

GARFIELD IN THE RACE

New Leader Declares in Cleveland Speech Progressive Republicans Need Generals.

Cleveland, July 12.—A clarion call for a progressive platform and a progressive state ticket was sounded last night at the Republican banquet in the Hotel Euclid, at which James R. Garfield delivered the keynote speech for the progressive movement in Ohio, and Congressman Paul Howland told his constituents that he would refuse to vote for the re-election of Joseph G. Cannon for speaker of the national house of representatives, even if to carry out this pledge he had to remain away from the Republican caucus.

He declared, however, that his vote would be cast for a good Republican and not for a Democrat for speaker.

Mr. Garfield, the principal speaker of the evening, had as his subject the progressive movement. He declared that the hope of the progressives was in the Republican and not in the Democratic party. "The soldiers of the Republican party are progressives," he said. "They demand progressive generals."

Mr. Garfield clearly indicated that principles rather than men were what the people were demanding, and in the course of his speech outlined the issues which, in his opinion, should clearly and without equivocation be set forth in the Republican platform to be adopted at the state convention to be held July 26 and 27, and which he will fight for. He would have the platform declare for and pledge the party to:

The control and regulation of all corporations, which are creatures of the state, having a commission to regulate public utilities and a commissioner in control of other corporations.

Publicity in campaign expenses, before and not after elections; a limit to be placed on such expenditures.

A workmen's compensation act.

The strengthening of child labor laws and the enactment of laws for especial protection of the health of working women.

Development of the canal system until it is of use to shippers, or its abolishment.

State control of every water power subject to its jurisdiction, and provisions for safeguarding the domestic water supply of cities.

University extension in the agricultural educational system of the state.

Additional legislation for the safety of mine workers.

Conservation of timber lands and provision for the reforestration of vacant areas.

Abolition of direct taxation with which to meet state expenses.

Provision for cities, at their option, to adopt the commission form of municipal government.

Right of recall for public officers, so safeguarded as to prevent abuse and misuse of the privilege.

Reform of the judiciary.

He said in part:

"Like the prodigal youth, we as a nation have wasted our resources, sold our inheritance, acquired evil habits; but, fortunately, we have realized the need of radical changes in time to save ourselves.

"At the coming election we are to choose between two great national parties. The Democratic party, while declaiming against special interests, has, when in power, allied itself with special interests. Many of its leaders have been and are the recognized representatives of special interests. In our own state the Democratic governor failed to be on the people's side in the fight for a public utilities bill and the Democratic senators defeated that measure. In the recent Democratic convention the 'progressive' Democrats were ignored. I can see no hope for better things from Democracy as now controlled.

"How is it with the Republican party? It likewise has among its leaders some who are allied with or represent special interests; but on the other hand it has progressive, aggressive leaders who are the people's representatives.

"The country owes a debt of gratitude to the insurgents in congress who made the fight against the domination of special interests and who placed the common good high above party regularity.

"The real friends of conservation relied upon insurgents and their progressive allies for the protection of the public domain against the assaults of special interests.

"Insurgent senators prevented the passage of the Alaskan bill, which in its original form, might have turned over the untold wealth of Alaska to a favored few."

Having dealt in a general way with national problems and continuing his eulogy of the insurgents, Mr. Garfield took up special state problems. The recall, regulation of corporations, workmen's compensation act, the strengthening of child labor laws, and the development of a canal system were the principal planks in the platform which he put forward.

In regard to the recall, Mr. Garfield said:

"There is one method of dealing with public service which demands our most earnest consideration, namely, the recall. I believe it to be the most direct, most efficient way that the people have of dealing with the unfaithful servant. It is said that the recall makes cowards of public officers, I ask whether it is any more injurious to the public welfare to have an officer afraid of the people than it is to have a public officer the servant of a special interest?"

Mr. Garfield concluded his general defense of the Republican party with a warning against the reactionary.

"The real danger to the party," he said, "comes from the reactionary who is controlled by special interests, and the stand-patter who, because it is the easiest way, is willing to return to the weak policy of laissez faire. To follow such leaders means disaster."

DETECTIVE LYNCHED

Ohio Mob Avenges Death of Near-Beer Dealer.

VICTIMS OF RIOTING.

WILLIAM HOWARD, of Newark, proprietor of near-beer saloon, shot by CARL ETHERINGTON, "dry" detective.

CARL ETHERINGTON, Harrisburg, Ky., hanged by mob.

WILLIAM PATRICK, of Newark, dropped dead from excitement.

Newark, O., July 9.—An Ohio mob took the liquor fight into its own hands here last night by hanging an Anti-Saloon league detective to a telegraph pole in the court house square.

Carl Etherington, 22, of Harrisburg, Ky., the sacrifice to the anger of the mob, shot the proprietor of a near-beer saloon here Friday afternoon in a general street fight that followed a raid by a squad of "dry" detectives. William Howard, the saloon man, died early in the evening.

The mob that took Etherington's life was as thoroughgoing as any that ever worked above Mason and Dixon's line. From the time Howard was shot it had been working itself into a frenzy, gradually keying itself up to the moment of fixing the rope around its victim's neck.

In the afternoon this angry mass of men and boys ran up and down through the streets of the city seeking the raiding detectives. Etherington, after he had shot Howard, it caught and beat, then lost to the city police who arrived just in time with the patrol wagon. Others of the raiders it drove out of town.

Mob Surrounds Jail.

Early in the evening the county jail became the center of this mob, a crowd that grew continually in size and anger. It was a turbulent crowd, giving off a rumble of threatening growls, and now and again throwing a stone through a window of the jail. Sheriff William Linke had hours of warning. He knew trouble was coming, but either he underestimated the temper of the mob or overestimated his strength. At any rate he sa'd early in the evening that he was perfectly able to cope with anything that might arise.

Deputies were sworn in, the jail doors were locked and barricaded, every precaution was taken. The sheriff was not shaken in his surety until the leaders of the mob made their first actual assault on the outer doors of the jail. Then Linke rushed to the telephone to ask Columbus for state trops. It was too late. Scarcely had he told his difficulty to the man at the other end of the line when the outer and inner doors were broken and the mob had the run of the jail.

Howard's Death Is Signal.

Just one thing was needed to arouse the killing passion, the blood lust, in that mob. That was the death of Howard. When siege first was laid to the county jail Howard was in the hospital. It was known that he was seriously wounded, that he probably would die. The crowd was angry. Then, shortly after 8 o'clock, came the news that Howard was dead. With the coming of the news there was a sensible change in the tone of the mob. Its voice rose to that strange roar that comes from the human throat turned bloodthirsty.

Stones were at hand. They were picked up and thrown at the windows until not a pane was left in the building. The guards within fired over the heads of the crowd. They might as well have saved their powder—or used it to better advantage. The end was soon to come.

All this time the crowd about the jail had been augmented by arrivals, not only from every part of the city, but from the country around, whither the news of what was going forward had spread. It was a mob that would not listen to pleadings. What it wanted was action, and action was what it got.

Lynching Quietly Done.

In less than two hours after the death of the man this crowd had come forth to avenge, the doors of the jail had yielded to a battering ram, the keys had been taken from the jailer, and the wilting prisoner, still bleeding from his beating of the afternoon, was being led from his cell. A few moments later he was dead.

Once out of his cell Etherington's head was put through the noose, and thus attired in his hempen shroud he was led up Third street to the square and over to the southeast corner of the park. Some volunteer hangman, some hero of this anger drunken crowd, climbed the pole and fastened the rope, while those below held their victim clear of the ground. When all was fast and ready Etherington was allowed to drop, and there he hung, his head just above the heads of his executioners.

Anti-Liquor Raid.

For several days the rumor has been rife that the Ohio Anti-Saloon league would send a big squad here to gather evidence against the proprietors of the "near beer" saloons, but notwithstanding this tip the visitors obtained some evidence against dealers.

Without warning the 20 odd men divided and swooped down simultaneously upon the places operated by Schlegel Bros. on West Main street, Louis Bolton on South Third street, and Charles Henry on the Public square. The men locked the doors and proceeded, after showing their authority in the form of search and seizure warrants from Mayor Barnes' court in the college town of Granville, to go through the places.

At Bolton's several shots were fired when resistance was offered, but the shots went wild. While Ed Hill was reading a warrant to Bartender Jack McKenna, at Bolton's, "Oklahoma Ed," the porter of the place, struck Hill with a beer bottle, cutting his face badly. McKenna, covered by revolvers, made no resistance, but two of the detectives attacked "Oklahoma Ed," laying his scalp open with their revolvers.

There was no resistance at Henry's place, but at Schlegel's the detectives snapped handcuffs upon Barkeeper Charles Richards and drove the patrons out of the house. By this time the street was blocked with people, the majority of them "wet" sympathizers, and the detectives were afraid to venture out.

Police Arrest Eight.

Here as at the other places some of the detectives made their escape by rear exits, but before all got away city police officers arrived with the patrol and arrested eight of them on a charge of assault and battery. The men who got away were chased all over town, several of them succeeding in dodging missiles thrown at them and getting aboard the interurban cars.

Among the men at Henry's place was Carl Etherton, who got as far as West Newark when he encountered Howard. In the mixup Etherington drew his pistol and shot Howard. A moment later Etherington was seized and severely beaten by the mob before the patrol arrived. As the wogan drew up to the jail a huge crowd followed, but the officers shot into the air and kept the crowd back.

The other eight dry detectives, who are in jail, who gave the names of Edward Kilbourn, Otto Traech, W. H. Propper, Robert Burleigh, C. Candell, E. Watson J. H. Snyder and C. Crommer, and their places of residence as Cleveland, declined to make any statement last night. Etherington, however, talked.

Etherington's Statement.

"My name," he said, "is Carl Etherington, and my home is in Harrisburg, Ky. For some time past I have been in the employ of the Ithiel detective agency, but I was brought from Cleveland to Columbus by a detective employed by the state Anti-Saloon league, and I have been working for him for a short time. I am also a strike-breaker. I came down to Newark this morning with the other detectives.

"I went to the Last Chance restaurant this afternoon and made known my business to Howard, who grabbed me about the neck. I said, 'leave me alone, that's all I want of you.' He struck me, when I pulled my gun and shot him. Immediately after I had used my gun I started and ran up the railroad track, when I met two fellows who demanded my gun. I surrendered it and they beat me up. After the men had left I started down the tracks and met the patrol wagon and was brought to jail."

City Strong for Wets.

About 18 months ago Licking county was declared dry by 700 majority, though the city of Newark went wet by 1,500 votes. Eighty odd saloons were voted out, but as the city sentiment opposed the action of the rural precincts, all of which voted dry, the dry leaders found little encouragement in enforcing the new law. A half dozen saloons quit business, the others continuing under the name of near beer places.

In the past few months a number of arrests were made, and in two instances Common Pleas Judge Seward ordered places abated, but it was held that he exceeded his authority. At any rate Bolton's and Schlegel's places were not closed.

The men who were active for the drys in the campaign have had their troubles, and a few weeks ago somebody threw a beer bottle through Judge Seward's window. Prosecutor Mitchell, a dry, was assaulted upon his doorstep at dusk. Lawyer B. F. McDonald, another dry leader, has received anonymous threats. It is believed that these conditions led to an appeal for outside help, as the dry leaders claimed that the city administration would give them no protection and would not prosecute offenders. Many have predicted the bloodshed that came yesterday.

Mayor Herbert Atherton is angry. When seen last night he said: "The trouble is the natural outgrowth of sending gangs of desperate men, picked up from the slums of the city, to take possession of the near beer saloons and commit depredations by tearing up the places and handcuffing the proprietors and employes. The city officials were competent to take care of the cases and had the warrants been sworn out and issued from this office, and had such been the case the trouble of today would not have ocurred."

MAY HAVE BOY WHO CLIMBED POLE.

Columbus, July 12.—Attorney General Denman will detail Assistant William H. Miller for the important work devolving upon him in probing the Newark riot. Tuesday morning he sent Mr. Miller to Mansfield to interview the two boys arrested in Newark and taken to Mansfield Monday afternoon. One of the boys is believed to be the person who climbed the pole with the rope used in the hanging of Etherington. With Assistant Attorney General Miller went a detective who knows the lads and who identified one of them as the person who climbed the pole with the rope. One was out on parole from the reformatory and the other was serving a suspended sentence to that institution.

WOULD SEND LYNCHERS TO DEATH CHAIR

Newark, O., July 12.—Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, last night decreed that death in the electric chair shall be the fate of those who defied the law and lynched a private detective in this city late Friday night.

Charges of murder in the first degree will be preferred if sufficient evidence as to the identity of the mob's ringleaders is forthcoming. Governor Harmon insists that such evidence be produced.

John M. Ankele, vice mayor, following the suspension of Mayor Atherton, assumed office immediately. Less than one hour later Chief of Police Robert Zergiebel had been deposed. In his place Charles H. Hindel, former deputy sheriff and guard at the Ohio state prison, directed the city police department. The head of Police Captain Robert Bell was next to fall. He was succeeded by Charles Swank.

Doubt is expressed that former Mayor Atherton will appear to defend himself before the governor at the hearing of the charges against him, which has been set for July 23. Governor Harmon was so advised.

KAISER EXPLAINS MADRIZ ACTION

Berlin, July 12.—The foreign office has given the Associated Press an authorized statement respecting the letter of Emperor William to President Madriz, of Nicaragua. Reports have reached Berlin that attempts were being made in America to construe this letter as an endorsement by the emperor of the Madriz party.

The statement follows:

"Madriz gave notice of his election upon undertaking the presidency to the emperor in the usual writ of the form. The customary reply was prepared by the foreign office. It was not an autograph letter, but was simply signed by the emperor. The address 'Great and good friend' was in accordance with official courtesy. Any intervention by Germany in Nicaraguan affairs neither followed nor is intended.

Has No Designs.

"Germany neither sought nor designs to seek a coaling station. Rumors of Germany's intentions toward the Galapagos islands are equally without foundation, as a real suggestion that the German government has in any wise modified the cultivation of friendly relations towards the United States."

An expression of the usual diplomatic good wishes and desire for the cultivation of good relations between the two countries followed.

The reported offer by Madriz of a coaling station to a European power if it would intervene in Nicaragua was not made to Germany, the foreign office declared.

PINCHOT TO TAKE STUMP.

Ex-Forester to Help Californian to Be Governor.

New York, July 12.—Gifford Pinchot, close friend of Col. Roosevelt and deposed United States forester, announced today that he would leave for California tomorrow to take the stump in behalf of Hiram Johnson, who is seeking the gubernatorial nomination in California and endorsed for that honor by the Lincoln-Roosevelt league of California.

BRITISH AVIATOR KILLED

Hon. C. S. Rolls, Who Soared Back and Forth Over Channel, Dead.

Bournemouth, England, July 12.—The first flying tournament of the year in England was brought to a tragic close this morning by the dramatic death of the most daring and popular British aviator, the Hon. Charles S. Rolls, third son of Lord Llangattock.

In the presence of a great company of spectators, a majority of whom were ladies and children, and many personal friends of the young aviator, the Wright biplane on which he was flying fell suddenly with terrific speed from a height of 100 feet. It struck the ground close to the crowded grand stand, smashed into a tangled mass, and before the doctors and their assistants could reach the spot Rolls was dead.

Machine Suddenly Breaks.

The event in which Rolls was competing was for a prize for the aviator alighting nearest a given mark. The goal was directly in front of the grand stand where the spectators were massed. He had risen to a good height, then shut off his motor and was gliding in a broad circle toward the mark. Without warning the tail piece of the biplane snapped off. The machine gave a sudden lurch, and the framework crumpled up in the air.

When it struck the ground it was smashed to splinters. The doctors found that Rolls had sustained a fractured skull. The wreck of the machine and twisted stays surrounded the body so that there was difficulty in extracting him.

Immediately after the result of Rolls' accident was known the committee announced that flying would be suspended for the day.

Captain the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls was 33 years old and was one of the most popular young all-around sportsmen in England. His death will be a great blow to aristocratic sporting enthusiasts, with all of whom he was a great personal favorite. At ballooning, at motoring and later in the field of aviation he had distinguished himself by his utter fearlessness and was satisfied with nothing short of record breaking in whatever line of sport he took to.

Undoubtedly his crowning feat was his round trip across the channel between Dover and Calais in a Wright biplane on June 2 last.

WOMAN LEADS DUAL LIFE

Arrested at Chicago, She Fears Sons Will Desert Her.

Chicago, July 12.—Hidden chapters in the life of Mrs. Nettie Jenkins, self-confessed procuress of Houghton, Mich., who was arrested Saturday night with five girls whom she had planned taking to Michigan for immoral purposes, were revealed yesterday when she was arraigned before United States Commissioner Mark A. Foote for a preliminary hearing. The hearing was continued until July 21 and the woman held under $10,000 bonds.

According to Mrs. Jenkins' own story she has posed as a woman of respectability for many years in the iron ore mining town in Michigan. Her two sons have never known their mother's vocation. Her main fears are that they will learn of her past and she fears that they will desert her.

The two sons recently graduated from the Culver Military Academy, according to her story. She planned to send them to a Michigan university, where they might learn a profession. In the dual life she has been leading she has amassed quite a fortune and she planned to desert the life as soon as she had completed their education.

"If they don't find out the truth concerning their mother I am willing to take any punishment that may be meted out to me," said Mrs. Jenkins. "They have always looked upon me as a good and true mother. It breaks my heart to think that they may learn of my past."

FOUR SWIMMERS LOSE LIVES

Boy Sinks at Fort Wayne While Trying to Swim On Back.

Fort Wayne, Ind., July 12.—Joseph Pichon, 8 years old, son of Joseph A. Pichon, a former member of the state legislature, met death here yesterday afternoon while swimming in the St. Joseph river. He was trying to swim on his back, when he went under the water. The body was recovered within 20 minutes.

SOLDIERS' HOME CROWDED

Thirteen Vacant Beds With 437 Inmates On Parole.

Sandusky, July 12.—So crowded is the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, that at least one more cottage will have to be built unless more veterans, whose pension ratings are high enough to permit, can be induced to live outside the institution.

Monday evening, with 437 of a total of 1,722 inmates out on furlough, there were but 13 vacant beds. General William R. Burnett, commandant, will call the attention of Governor Harmon to the fact that more room is needed.

SPRING WHEAT YIELD

Total Ample for All Domestic Needs With Carry-Over.

Chicago, July 11.—Official confirmation last wek of even more radical crop damage than the most sensational had claimed put the wheat market on a decidedly different basis from that previously current. According to these official figures the crop year beginning July 1 starts just 70,000,000 bushels smaller than last year and there were exports last year of about 89,000,000 bushels.

It will be seen at a glance, therefore, that the total necessary to export to leave reserves as large at the end of the present as at the end of the last crop year is but 19,000,000 bushels. This is practically a domestic basis, as it is figured that there are about 24,000,000 bushels available for export from the states of the Pacific northwest.

The latter wheat is as far removed from the leading markets of this country as is any of the foreign countries, the overland rail freight fully offsetting the ocean freight from almost any portion of the globe, with the 25c a bushel import duty added.

In weighing up the consumption of the last year, however, it must not be overlooked that the crop year just closed paid some rather heavy overdrafts from the year before. Never before had supplies in all positions been drawn down so low, thus necessitating heavy drawing upon the last crop to bring trade supplies in all positions back to normal proportions —in itself a vast proposition and calling for immense quantities of wheat and flour. The deficit from normal at the beginning of the last crop year was replaced by a very comfortable, but not large surplus at the crop years end. The situation from a trade standpoint, therefore, is far different from that of a year ago.

Last Years Books Balanced.

Nobody in the grain trade should overlook the balancing of last crop years books in its application to the present year. An item to be carefully noted is the increase of one-sixth bushel per capita in the consumption. The figures, which are the known official and trade records and indisputable, are intelligently presented in the following compilation by the veteran statistican of the local field, whose computations have stood the tests of the last two score years. They show:

"Wheat crop of 1909 was reported at 737,000,000 bushels, and the quantity carried over was about 43,000,000 bushels, making a total supply of 780,000,000 bushels. Exports were about 89,000,000 bushels, in farmers' hands 89,000,00 bushels, in second hands 44,000,000, seeding 80,000,000 bushels, making a total of 252,000,000. Left for consumption 528,000,000 bushels, and making the supply per capita, on the basis of 91,000,000 population, about 5-8 bushels, or an increase of about one-sixth bushel."

Adding the above carry-over of 83,000,000 bushels to the officially indicated crop of 627,000.00 bushels for July 1, makes an aggregate of 710,000,000 bushels, or precisely 70,000,000 bushels less than at the beginning of the last crop year. As shown above, this shortage very nearly offsets the 89,000,000 bushels estimated to have been exported in the last 12 months. Unless there is a revision of the official figures later or the spring wheat crop shows something of the powers of revival as was shown recently in Kansas, it would appear as though this country, with the aid of conservative selling on the part of the producer, could fight along comfortably through the year with the export factor eliminated.

Big Oats Crop Estimated.

Weather during the last week was fine for the filling of the crop in the states of largest production. A few sections in Iowa, however, have been reporting premature ripening. The government report for July, made up before the cool weather began, nevertheless, indicated a yield slightly above that of last year, which was the largest ever raised in this country. Plump filling of the crop—highly probable under the condition of last week—promises the weighing out of a much larger crop than the last official figures indicated.

NO PANIC WITH CHANGE

Henry Clews Savs Country Is Passing Through Readjustment Period.

New York, July 12—The country is still passing through a process of readjustment rendered necessary by an unusually long period of activity, prosperity and extravagance.

Reaction was inevitable when the upward movement had exhausted itself; the point of exhaustion being marked by weakening of the nation's purchasing power. For some time past it has been self-evident that the latter stage had been touched. Securities, luxuries and commodities had all reached a point beyond the power of buyers, and reaction was unavoidable. Fortunately it has come without any symptoms of panic. There are many reasons for recent declines; none of which however, would have been so potent as they have been had it not been that the time was ripe for readjustment.

The reaction was unwelcome, as all such movements are being accompanied by more or less depression, and symptoms of political irritation. The truth is that underlying conditions rendered a return to lower and more stable levels imperative. The gun was well loaded, and only some unfavorable development was necessary for pulling the trigger.

There has been a succession of unfavorable incidents. The aggressive attitude of the government and a somewhat disturbing political outlook being, perhaps, the most disturbing elements in financial circles. These developments have been followed by a not altogether satisfactory crop outlook; also by apprehensions of monetary stringency in the fall arising from an over-extension of credit by western banks on account of land speculation. Over $1,040,000,000 new securities were issued during the past six months, and at a time of lessened buying power, compared with $860,000,000 the same time in 1909. There are indications, too, that the present reaction will go beyond Wall street. Business generally is undergoing a setback. Business failures in the first six months of 1910 aggregated $112,000,000, compared with $88,000,000 same time last year. Bank clearings throughout the country are running below a year ago. Railroad expenses are often increasing more rapidly than earnings, with consequently unpleasant losses in net. nI the iron trade the production of pig iron is already running ahead of consumption, and prices of steel products generally show a downward tendency. In cotton goods the production is being curtailed fully 50 per cent, and a similar shutdown is also reported in the woolen and silk industries. The overproduction of copper continues in spite of lower prices and is somewhat increased consumption; the prospects of regulating the product are still as indefinite as ever. The tendency of commodities continues downward in the wholesale markets, though in time this should cheapen costs to consumers and thus somewhat reduce the cost of living. As to how far the business reaction will go, it is impossible to determine; but the indications are for a quiet summer, and the prudent merchant will conserve his resources and pave the way for a fresh forward movement upon a lower and more substantial basis when the time for recovery arrives.

This is the dark side of the picture. Fortunately there is also a brighter side. The most encouraging factor, financially, is the continued ease of money; which is likely to continue until the crop movement begins. The extreme stringency anticipated for next fall will probably be moderated by the universal preparations for such an event, because disasters foreseen seldom occur. Nevertheless, the situation of the western banks is not an enviable one. At the reserve centers these, institutions may be found in strong condition owing to recent precautions, but the forthcoming bank reports will be watched with unusual interest, and until the autumnal strain is passed the outcome of the western land speculation will not be definitely known. Interior banks, as is well known, will be obliged to depend upon New York much more than usual for assistance in moving the crops. The New York banks will, however, be in a position to render such aid, especially as money abroad is easy, our credit there is good and the improving tendencies of our foreign trade will permit of ample imports of gold. Engagements of the latter are already reported, and although it is doubtful if these transactions yielded any profit, yet the operation is significant and demonstrates that the United tSates will be in a position to draw the precious metal from abroad in much larger sums when needed. This is most assuring.

Another satisfactory consideration is the surprising calmness with which the recent severe liquidation has been accepted in securities there has been a decline of 15 to 40 points and over. Many of the best stocks are now selling at the lowest prices since the panic of 1907, and the financial situation has undoubtedly been greatly improved by this drastic liquidation. The retrenchments by western bankers is also likely, in the end, to prove beneficial. So, too, is the general decline in the commodity markets. It is remarkable that such prolonged and severe liquidation could have taken place without inviting some serious trouble. As a matter of fact there are not even any rumors of such, and symptoms of panic are entirely lacking. On the contrary there is a feeling of confidence in the undertone based upon a belief that as soon as the political and financial situation becomes more settled the country will enjoy a fresh forward movement upon a lower and more stable basis.

HENRY CLEWS.

HUNT FOR FIRE'S PREY

Searchers Care for Homeless in Campbelltown.

St. John, N. B., July 12.—Caring for the homeless and searching the ruins for other victims were the tasks that confronted the authorities at Campbellton, N. B., following last night's disastrous fire there, in which eight persons are reported to have been killed, more than 300 were driven from their homes, and a loss of $2,000,000 caused.

All outside communication from the little lumber town on the north shore of New Brunswick was cut off, and it was not until today that messengers began to bring details of the conflagration.

Others May Be Dead.

Seven men were reported to have been killed in an explosion that took place during the fire, and the body of an infant was recovered from the ruins of a dwelling house.

The blaze started in the Richards company mill on the western side of the town. A heavy wind was blowing and within a few minutes the fire was beyond control.

Two banks, three large lumber mills, three churches, the Intercolonial railway station, telegraph and telephone offices and many other large buildings were burned. The residential section is also reported to have been destroyed.

The fire was one of the most destructive in the history of the province, and no place of proportionate size has been so completely obliterated as this hitherto busy lumber town.

SON IS UNDER PARENTAL ROOF

Secretary Knox Extends Full Clemency to Namesake.

Providence, R. I., July 12.—Philander C. Knox, Jr., and his 18-year-old bride, a former department store girl, have gone to live in his father's country home near Philadelphia. The parental forgiveness which was withheld following his elopement and marriage to Miss May Bowler finally has been granted, owing to the intervention of his mother and brothers.

Young Knox has resigned his position as selling agent for an automobile company. His mother-in-law, a night watchman's wife, is said to have assured him her cottage always would be open to him.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., July 12.—Lower cables and rains in the northwest put wheat down at the opening, but the latter factor was offset to some extent by heavy precipitation in the southwest, where harvesting is in progress. Conditions in the northwest were reflected in a ⅝c decline in Minneapolis at the opening. Just how much the rains in the northwest will offset previous drought conditions will not be known for some time. An unexpected decrease in the European visible and rather unfavorable crop advices from Russia and Argentine were bullish features of the foreign situation. Toledo cash opened ½c down at $1.04½. July ¾c lower at $1.03¾. Sept. ⅝c down at $1.03⅝. Dec. ⅝c off at $1.05⅞ and May ½c off at $1.08¼. The market developed a showing of strength early in the day.

Despite rains in the northwest the spring wheat markets were further advanced on reports of more damage due to drought. Toledo cash closed 1c up at $1.06. July ¾c up at $1.05¼. September ⅞c higher at $1.04⅞. December ⅝c advanced at $1.06¾. May ¾c higher at $1.09½.

After opening lower on rains in the growing districts, corn steadied in sympathy with wheat. Reports indicated a spotted condition of corn, some districts reporting the crop in almost ideal shape and others complaining of slow growth and a generally backward state. Toledo July opened ½c off at 60½c, Sept. ½c down at 59c, Dec. ½c off at 57⅝c and May ½c off at 60c. Early in the near months swung up rather sharply, but the more remote futures were affected in a much less degree.

Closing corn prices: Cash, 62½c; July, 61¾c; September, 61½c; Dec., 58c; May, 60½c.

Sympathy with wheat helped corn, though at midday showers were reported in Illinois and other parts of the west.

July oats opened ¼c off at 41c, Sept. ¼c down at 39c, Dec. ½c lower at 39¼c and May, ½c lower at 42½c. Sept. lost ¼c, but the other futures were a little higher at the end of the first hour.

Cash oats closed at 42⅞c, July at 42c, September at 39¼c, December at 40¼c, May at 42¾c.

Clover seed was 2½c off all around on the call, cash opening at $7.65, Oct. and Dec. at $6.90 and March at $6.87½. Aside from a decline of 5c in cash, the market was steady in the initial half hour.

Cash clover seed closed 7½c off at $7.00; October 2½c off at $6.90; December 5c down at $6.87½, and March 2½c lower at $6.87½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	July 12.	July 11.
Cash	1.04½	....	....	1.06	1.05
July	1.03¾	....	....	1.05¼	1.04½
Sept	1.03⅝	....	....	1.04⅞	1.04
Dec	1.05⅝	....	....	1.06⅞	1.06
May	1.08¼	....	....	1.09½	1.08¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62¼	62
July	60½	....	....	61⅜	61
Sept	60⅜	....	....	61½	61¼
Dec	57⅜	....	....	58	58
May	60	....	....	60½	60½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42⅞	41¾
July	41	....	....	42	41¼
Sept	39	....	....	39¼	39¼
Dec	39⅝	....	....	40¼	40¼
May	42¼	....	....	42⅝	42⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.05	....	....	7.00	7.07½
Oct	6.90	....	6.85	6.90	6.92½
Dec	6.90	....	6.80	6.87½	6.92½
March	6.87½	....	6.85	6.87½	6.90
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	80	80
No. 3	....	....	....	77	77
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.50	2.50
Aug	....	....	....	2.60	2.60
Sept	....	....	....	....	2.50
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.50	7.80
Aug	....	....	....	7.85	7.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	1.03⅝	....	....	1.05	1.03⅝
Sept	1.01½	1.01⅝	1.01⅜	1.03	1.01¾
Dec	1.02½	1.04¼	1.02⅝	1.04	1.03¼
May	1.06	1.07⅛	1.05½	1.07	1.06⅜
Corn—					
July	57½	....	....	58¼	57¾
Sept	59	59⅝	58⅜	59⅝	59¼
Dec	57	....	56¾	57⅝	57⅛
May	58⅞	....	58½	59⅛	59⅛
Oats—					
July	40⅜	....	....	41¼	40¾
Sept	38⅛	....	38	38⅞	38⅜
Dec	39½	....	39	39⅝	39⅜